McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner. ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager TERMS:—2.00 Per Year

VOL. LVI SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1919 NO 2

TWO MORE HEROES ADDED TO LONG LIST

In an official telegram received Friday, Mr. and Mrs. Burdette Gallup of Colegrove were informed of the death of their son, Private Clair B. Gallup, in France, on December 22, of lobar pneumonia. Private Gallup was about 24 years old. He was inducted into service at Smethport, September 19, 1917. He was assigned to the military police, Co. A, 305th A. E. F. The news of his death was received with great sadness and his family have the sympathy of all.

Private Gallup had a number of warriors in his ancestry. He was a direct descendant of Capt. John Gallup, who served in the King Philip war. Three of his great-great-grandfathers were in the war of 1812, namely Rowland Burdick, Captain Palmer and Nathanial O. Gallup.

Aside from his parents he is survived by the following six sisters and brother: Mrs. Audene Griffin, Lucille, Lillian, Gertrude, Donald, Pauline and Priscilla. He is a great-grandson of Ransom Burdick, now living at the age of 103 years. Private Gallup landed, overseas in June, 1918. He was a member of the I. O. R. M. of Crosby.

Duello A. Gifford of Crosby received notice from the War Department a few days ago that his son, Private John Ralph Gifford, had been killed in action. On December 11 he had received word that his son was reported as missing in action since November 10, and Monday the sad news of his death arrived.

Private Gifford was about 30 years old. He was inducted into the service at Smethport, July 26, 1918, and later was assigned to the Developing Battalion, 86th Prov. Co., and saw much severe service in France before making the ultimate sacrifice. His family have the sincere sympathy of all.

Private Gifford's mother died last winter, and aside from his father he is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Zera A. Cox and Mrs. Earl Pixley, of Crosby, and a brother, Lloyd Roy Gifford, Co. F, 108th Inf., A. E. F. His grand father, George Taylor, was a veteran of the civil war.

DEATH OF EARL M. ABBEY.

The death of Earl Meade Abbey occurred at his home in East Smethport, Thursday afternoon, January 2, 1919, of pneumonia, which developed after the

Earl Abbey was the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Abbey of Keating township and had resided in Smethport and vicinity all his life.

He was united in marriage with Mary Masterson, December 13, 1906, who preceded him to the Great Beyond on Monday, December 30, 1918. The fruits of this union were seven children, six who are left to mourn the loss of their kind and loving parents, Clifford, Ernest, Robert, Donald, Margaretta and Bernard. Besides his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Abbey, he is survived by two brothers, Bert, of East Smethport, and Hugh Abbey, in France, and one sister, Mrs. Claude Green of Norwich.

The body was prepared for burial and taken to the home of his parents where the funeral services were held Saturday afternoon at 2o'clock, Rev. E. H. Edson officiating. Interment in Rose Hill cemetery.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the many kind friends and neighbors for their numerous acts of kindness shown during the illness and death of our dear daughter and sister, Mrs. Mary Mastorson Abbey.

JOHN MASTORSON,
CHARLES MASTORSON,
JOHN MASTORSON, JR.
ROSE MASTORSON,
PEARL MASTORSON.

adv2w1

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the neighbors and friends for the many acts of kindness shown during the illness and death of our beloved son and brother, Earl M. Abbey, also for the floral offerings.

MR. AND MRS. A. G. ABBEY
BERT ABBEY
MRS. CLAUDE GREEN
HUGH ABBEY.

adv2w1

Subscribe for the MINER.

LETTER FROM BRYAN PERRY

Dijon, France, Dec. 12, 1918.

Dear Mother:—At last I am going to try and write you a letter. I suppose you have been wondering what has become of me but I could not help my long silence as I have been moving around so much and when I had a chance to write had no stationery. When we left Brain we went to Vannes to an artillery range. We were there three weeks and then went to Bar Le Duc. We were on what was called the Champagne front. You may have read of the fighting in the Argonne woods, we were there too. We crossed the Meuse river at Don Sur Meuse and got as far as Strenay when the armistice was signed. Homer P. Fitzsimmons was gassed at Cuisy. He was taken to a hospital in a serious condition but I think that he lived. He was gassed about Oct. 15. We had 51 causulties in our outfit. There were two boys from near our home Otto Schram from Potter county and Roy Dimeling from DuBois. I could hardly believe my eyes when I read your letter telling of Arthur Mark's death. That was too bad; he was a very good fellow. He was very good to me when I worked in the shop with him. It seems strange that his people were not notified sooner. I have been away from our regiment for three weeks now. We have been taking trucks from here to the Third army at Luxenburg and Bitburg. That was quite a trip and I saw a lot of beautiful scenery, but I hate to think of taking another trip up there. The people in Luxemburg and Germany used us fine; they use us better than the French people. They do not double up on the price of things when they see an American soldier coming. I have not seen Fred Bloomster since we left Menedon, but I heard of him on when the 314th Artillery was above Romagne. He was laid up with a bad foot at that time. I had a card from him while I was at Strenay after the armistice was signed, so he got through all right. I have not received any mail for about a month now. I suppose I will have a bunch when I get back to the company. We will have to take out at least two more convoys before I get back to the company. We leave here tomorrow with a string of about two hundred. The last time we had 240 trucks. I do not know where these are going but it is some place in Germany between Luxemburg and Cologne. Gee, but I wish I could get home. Don't expect to get home much before June. For a while I thought we might be home for Christmas. I had planned be for dinner Thanksgiving day and did not get any supper. I was here at Dijon for dinner and at Toulouse at supper time. Now, half the time we are out of luck for something to eat, but I may make up for lost time. I have not been sick for even a minute since I have been in France. We are having some rotten weather now. It rains almost every day and I have forgotten what sunshine is like. They issued us some new clothes today. I got a leather vest, gloves, slicker, socks and a pair of four-buckle arctics. I lost nearly all my equipment when our outfit was at Cunell. They shelled the town and in the excitement a whole truckload of packs was lost. Talk about cooties. I have plenty, large, small and all varieties. We all have a shirt reading every night. I had a bath today, the first in two months. Would like to send you something for Christmas but don't believe I will have the chance; am going to try to send a bunch of cards anyway. Tell Grant to write me a letter; I have not heard from him in a long while. I suppose he is hunting now. Well, I must close for this time, wishing you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Best regards to all.

Your son,

BRYAN.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The MINER is working short-handed these days. The paper is much handicapped by the lack of a linotype operator and is depending almost entirely upon the help of operators from other Smethport printing plants. As a result much interesting news matter has to be omitted, but we urge all correspondents to continue sending their letters every week as the state of affairs is going to be some time. Please do not be annoyed if your letter does not appear the week as written. It is an absolute necessity that some of them be held over.

Advertise in the MINER.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Letter From Herbert Smith the Adventurous Crosby Boy

Tells His Friend, Sheriff Jones, of His Thrilling Experiences With the British Army in the World War--Has English and French Decorations

Headquarters 2nd Cav. Division.
4th Brigade
British Expeditionary Forces
France, November 10th, 1917.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that Pte. Arthur J. Smith, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, who has shown great bravery on the field, has been decorated with the following medals:

ENGLISH: Distinguished Conduct Medal and the Star of Mons.

FRENCH: Legion of Honor, Croix Le Guerre and the Morocco Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Pte. A. J. Smith is hereby granted permission to display and wear the above medals.

Signed, LT.-GEN. J. B. BINGHAM,
Commanding 2nd Cav. Division.

Belleville, France,
A. P. O., 783.

Mr. William Jones,
Smethport, Pa.

My Dear friend,

Your last letter which was received some weeks ago was very much appreciated, and now that the war is over we have more time to write and also are permitted to give some account of ourselves and of our doings, and believing that you and some of my other friends back there would like to know how things have been going on over there I shall therefore endeavor to relate to you a few incidents and happenings which have come under my personal observation.

My first experience was in the English Army to which I belonged for more than three years. I fought with them all over Belgium and the northern part of France, and our biggest and hardest fights were at Mons, the

Herbert Smith as a Messenger in the British Army

Aisne, and the Marne. During these fights I was wounded and gassed several times, not seriously however and after each spell was soon able to take the field again. I have been over the top about a dozen times, but it was not always fun to do so, even for an adventurer, and it makes one think of home and mother. It is a great experience indeed, and one has thoughts and feelings indescribable. Those gas attacks and barrages make one think hell is traveling on wheels, and big at that.

My first experience in a real fight was at Mons, when one afternon about two o'clock, shells began to come over and fight among us. At that particular time our officers were having a conference of war but Fritz put the kibosh on the conference and we had to get down to real work. It being my first experience and I only 16 years of age, naturally I choose the Mexican way of fighting, which was looking for a hole. This was in keeping with our style of fighting in Mexico, where I was in that Army for more than six months. But there being several old veterans of the South African war in my outfit, who stood their ground without any apparent excitement, I soon came out of my hole which was under a wagon and mounted my horse again. It didn't take Fritz long to find out that we were there, for our advanced patrols soon located his battery and we were given orders to form line and charge it, which we did, and it was my misfortune to run into a big German, who stood his ground and the consequences were that I got knocked off my horse with a cannon swab, but while he dealth me a blow one of our soldiers put his light out. We were beaten badly at Mons, on account of the French reserves not coming up in time to aid us, and we retired back to the Aisne where to my great displeasure, we were ordered to dismount and fight as infantry. But this little spell of dismounted fighting I learned a great deal, which served me to good purpose in real fights after that.

Our next orders were to occupy a hill in front of us, which we did, and were there only about two hours when two regiments of Uhlands made a charge on us, and they came on their big horses, with glittering lances, in magnificent form, yelling at the top of their voices, which was enough to turn one's blood cold and make him shrivel up. We had orders not to fire until they were in fifty yards of us, and one cannot imagine how difficult it was to lie there quietly and wait until that time, our Captain having given orders that if any one fired on them before that time, they would be shot. After he had given that order, I began to get nervous for fear that some crazy guy would let go and of course, I get the blame for it, as my captain and I were such good friends. But my mind was soon turned to Mr. Boche, who was coming towards us in a mad gallop, and my mind could not help but think it a most beautiful sight, one such as I had never seen before. They were all sitting erect, with head high, and lances all in line, they bearing down on us at a rapid rate, and here my hair began to raise for fear the captain would overlook the fifty yards and forget to give the order for us to fire. Now friend, if you ever happened to be in a long Fall road cut with one of the lightning express trains approaching you, with no apparent way of escape, and it appearing to come faster and getting larger and larger, or apparent death from any cause, staring you in the face, you may well imagine just how I felt when this magnificent body of soldiers was racing, with certain death hanging on every lance. But finally to our great relief, when they had come within about fifty yards of us, our captain had wits enough to give the order to fire, and we did, so forthwith, bringing down all of the front line of horses and men, about 500 more or less, and the second line which was following them closely at a rapid rate could not stop in time to prevent themselves from running into and falling over the line of dead horses and men. You can imagine what kind of a mess we got them into, but we were not going to have it all our own way, for following them up was the German infantry who killed a great many of our men and also our captain. We were all very much upset on loosing him for he was a good leader. Then we were ordered to mount and retire to the next hill, where to our great delight we were met by our Infantry and cheered most vigorously by them, who had been waiting for us to come back. We did not stop here however, but proceeded on back farther and joined the French Cavalry who cheered us most heartily, and my chest began to swell up

Herbert Smith as a Boy and His Friend, Sheriff E. W. Jones.

wonderfully and I thought all the buttons on my coat would burst off, with pride and pleasure. The French corporal came forward and threw his arms around my neck and actually kissed me, while others of his com

Continued on page eight

BOROUGH COUNCIL MEETING.

C. M. COLEGROVE
Re-Elected President of Borough Council.

A regular meeting of the Borough Council was called at 8:15 P. M. Monday evening January 6th, 1919 by B. T. Garlick, who was chosen President, Pro Tem.

Members present were B. T. Garlick Claude Hackett, Wm. Hungerford, W. B. Hopper, and John A. Lindholm. Burgess Gifford and Solicitor Thos. H. Morrison were also present.

Minutes of last regular meeting also special meeting of December 11, 1918, were read and approved.

The following bills were read and ordered paid.

Smethport Water Co., Water to April 1919.	$47.50.
John Clark, Secty Board of Health, and postage 1918.	50.70.
Provin and Sturdivent, gasolene	8.68.
Wm. F. Specht, Insurance	59.40.
Chas. W. Masser, Oil and gasolene	5.65.
Smethport Garage, Fixing fire engine	8.30.
McKean Co. Miner, Burges, Proclamation.	1.20.
Holmes and Gilfillan, Files, parts for tractor.	26.96.
John J. Hallstrom, St. Com. December	75.00.
C. B. Dickinson, Police and Health officer.	90.00.
Thos. H. Morrison, Sol. Salary Dec.	12.00.
Worley Gifford, Salary as Burgess 1918.	50.00.
L. D. Gifford, Labor.	1.50.
B. T. Garlick, Kerosene	7.1[illegible]
J. C. Vaught of Blacksmithing	1.50.
C. O. Larson, Hauling of dump, ground 1918.	2.00.
Frank Masters, Special Police Dec.	16.00.
C. A. Herrmann, Special Police Dec.	16.00.
B. T. Telephone Dec.	3.75.
John Bills, Returns of Board of Health fine,	10.00.
H. D. Moore.	10.00.
H. Carpenter.	10.00.
Frank Dunbar.	10.00.
Orlo J. Hamlin.	10.00.

Oath of Frank Masters as Special Police filed.

Policeman C. B. Dickmson and Fred Milroy, John S. Hull, Fred H. Biever and Arthur Mill, members of the Hose Co., were present and stated that it had been alleged that certain persons were using the Hose House for a gambling place and asked the Council to investigate and take measures to have same stopped.

Moved by Hackett, seconded by Hopper that the Chief of Police give personal notice to persons who are alleged to be using the Hose rooms for gambling, that if same is not stopped prosecution will be instituted at once. Carried.

Agreement of Leo L. Herzog with the Borough of Smethport in regard to using water from Mill pond for fire protection was filed.

Treasurer Chas. Lemler makes the following report:

Bal. on hand after paying Nov. bills,	$2,461.78.
Rec'd of R. C. Gleason Col.	134.85.
	$2,596.63.

Statement of the Finance Committee of Smethport Fire Department for the year ending September 1st, 1918, read and filed.

Moved by Hackett, seconded by Hungerford that C. B. Dickmson be elected Chief of Police for the year 1919 at the same salary as for previous year, unanimously carried.

Moved by Hackett, seconded by Hungerford that Charles Lemmler be elected treasurer for the year of 1919 at the same salary as previous year and to furnish a bond in the sum of $10,000, unanimously carried.

On motion of Hopper and Hackett, C. M. Colegrove was chosen president of the Council.

Meeting adjourned about 8:30.

PRETTY GIRL IN JAIL CHARGED WITH MURDER

Margaret Dicello of Kane, claimed by the authorities to be 17 years of age, is in the county jail held without bail for the murder of Antonio Grecco at Kane, New Year's day. The girl said that Grecco had frequently insulted her and that on the day of the killing he came to the home of her parents and insisted that she accompany him to his home. The girl told him she would get her coat. Going upstairs she secured a 38-caliber revolver and came down and shot Grecco twice, causing his death. This is the girl's story and she also says that her father witnessed the crime but fired no shots. He disappeared after the shooting and has not yet been found.

An examination of Grecco's body disclosed the fact that he had been shot four times, said wounds being inflicted by bullets of different caliber, two being .38 and two .32 caliber, two of the wounds were over the left eye, one over the left ear and one through the Adam's apple in the throat. The inference is that two people were concerned in the shooting. The girl's mother and brother are out on bail as important witnesses.

Margaret Dicello is a very pretty girl of medium height; she has dark brown hair, brown eyes and looks to be fully 20 years old. However, it is understood that she claims she will not be 16 years old until September and will be ready to prove that fact at her trial. Dressed in a blue georgette waist and taffeta skirt she sat in her cell crying Sunday evening when visited by one of the sheriff's family. She said she was lonesome, but expressed no regret for the killing; she says Grecco was a bad man and deserved death. She speaks English fluently, according to her story being much more familiar with that language than with the Italian. She said that Grecco had bothered her until it became unendurable and she decided to rid herself of his unwelcome attentions for good and all.

FIRE TOTALLY DESTROYS DWELLING.

The dwelling house belonging to Chris McCarthy of East street, was completely destroyed by fire with contents, Friday afternoon, the blaze starting presumably from an overheated stove. Mr. McCarthy was in Coudersport and Mrs. McCarthy was staying with her daughter, Mrs. John Judd. Miss Clair McCarthy and brother, Robert McCarthy, had dinner at home and within a short time after they left the house the fire was discovered by neighbors. The snow handicapped the fire department in reaching the scene with apparatus and the building was beyond saving when the firemen got into action. However their good work saved adjoining property from the flames. The loss was complete, members of the family saving only the clothing they were wearing. The loss is estimated at fully $3000, with insurance of $1,500. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy have had two sons wounded in the war and now the loss of their home is added to their misfortunes.

DEATH OF MRS. GEORGE SHERBURNE.

Mrs. Lena Sherburne, 59 ears old, a former resident of this place, leaving here about six years ago; died at her home at 911 Buffalo street, Olean, N. Y., Sunday, January 5, 1919, death being due to gall stones.

Mrs. Sherburne is survived by her husband, George Sherburne, to whom she was united in marriage 43 years ago, one daughter, Mrs. Emma Cadwalter, and two sons, Frank and John, Sherburne all of Olean, N. Y.

The remains were brought to Smethport yesterday morning and taken to the Baptist church where the funeral services were held, Rev. P. H. Lynch of the First Baptist church of Olean officiating. Burial was made in the family plot in Rose Hill cemetery.

Mrs. Sherburne was a most estimable woman and her death will long be most deeply felt by a large circle of friends in this place.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HONOR ROLL

County ..... Town .....

PENNSYLVANIA WAR HISTORY COMMISSION

PENNSYLVANIA COUNCIL OF NATIONAL DEFENSE AND COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY

WAR SERVICE RECORD

Fill in for any member of your family in the military or naval service of the United States or of the Allied Countries, from July 28, 1914, to date, and mail to 1300 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

1. Name .....
(Give name in full)

2. Home Address (P. O.) .....
(Street Address)

3. Next of kin .....

Address ..... Post office .....

4. Age at entrance into service ..... 5. Date of entrance into service .....

6. Branch of service (a) Regular Army, (b) National Guard, (c) National Army, (d) Navy, (e) Naval Reserves, (f) Marine Corps.

6a. Service in Army or Navy of Allies—Give Nation and Branch of service.

7. If in the Army, answer the following:

(a) Department .....
Infantry, Artillery, Medical Corps, etc.

(b) Name and Number of Company, Regiment, etc. .....

.....

(c) Where and when located since beginning service. (See point 12 below.) .....

.....

(d) Rank, with dates of promotions .....
Name each Camp, Fort or Station. (See point 12 below.)

.....

8. If in the Navy, or Naval Reserves, or Marine Corps, answer the following: (See point 12 below.)

(a) Name of ship, or ships .....

(b) Branch of Service .....

(c) Exact Rank with dates of promotions .....

9. Casualties:

If died in the service, or killed, wounded, gassed or missing in action, give on another sheet date of death, cause of death, date and place of battle, and details concerning casualties.

10. If decorated or cited for bravery, or special service, give date and complete details. (See point 12 below.)

11. Date of Discharge .....

12. Note: If space after a number on this blank is not sufficient, please note additional facts on a separate sheet. Furnish also, if possible, photograph, sketch of life, war experience, letters, diaries or any other interesting information.

Return to the PENNSYLVANIA WAR HISTORY COMMISSION, 1300 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Submitted by .....

Address .....

Date .....

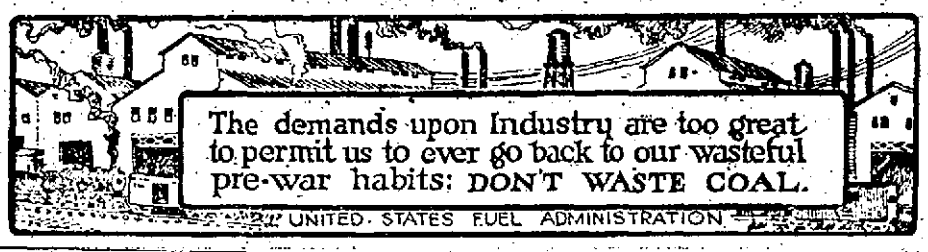
F. 9

Every Name is Wanted For the Official State Records.

Read the above questions carefully and answer them fully so that honor may be given where honor is due to the State of Pennsylvania and its gallant defenders. The War History Commission, of the Pennsylvania Council of National Defense, is compiling an official record for historical purposes, of the men who, during the great war, entered the military and naval service of the United States or the Allies.

Names of men who were killed or died in service, are particularly not to be missing from the Honor Roll unless furnished by their families or friends. But all names, whether those of men who enlisted or who entered the service by draft selection are wanted.

Fill out a War Service Record for your soldier or sailor boy and mail it without delay.


The demands upon Industry are too great to permit us to ever go back to our wasteful pre-war habits: DON'T WASTE COAL.
UNITED STATES FUEL ADMINISTRATION

ASHES SIFTED MEANS COAL SAVED

NO one would begrudge wasted coal if it fell later into the hands of users, as coal on the ash dumps of New York is gleaned by the children of the East Side.

The trouble is that the five buckets full of coal which the average householder wastes each week by not sifting his ashes do no one any good.

Sift your ashes, save coal, save money, and help stretch the scant supply of anthracite this winter.

Maybe It's Both.

Said the near cynic, "Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred attribute the poet's long hair to eccentricity. But the hundredth surmises that the poor fellow hasn't the financial means to get his hair cut."

Never Was True Friend.

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarreled with him, was never worthy of the name of friend. A breach of kindness on one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.—Emerson.

Quality Not Always on Surface.

Those with whom we can apparently become well acquainted in a few moments are generally the most difficult rightly to know and to understand.—Hawthorne.

"Cut-a-Cord" Clubs Give Winter Days Zest, Make Happy Evenings

Likewise Save Coal and Money, U. S. Food Administration Shows, in Urging All Possible Use of Wood Fuel.

Who would not rather spend an evening before a snapping wood fire in an open grate or fireplace than before a drowsy coal fire?

And who could ask a better excuse for a winter holiday than to go into the woods and set the echoes ringing and the chips flying by felling trees for such firewood?

These are the two chief appeals in the campaign now being launched by the United States Fuel Administration to bring about a considerable use of wood to replace coal in states where domestic fuel is scarce. Of course if you cut wood you do not have to buy coal and if you have wood piled up you will not worry over a coal shortage, such as is possible through the "flu" having cut down the production of anthracite coal.

New England, in particular, has much wood available within easy reach of large centers of population. The "Cut-a-Cord" Club of Belmont, six miles from Boston, was one of many similar organizations which proved vehicles for wholesome days of outdoor sport and happy social evenings.

The Forestry service will co-operate with the Fuel Administration, through state administrators, this winter in locating available supplies of standing timber and seeing that trees more valuable for other purposes will not be felled for firewood.

If there is not a "Cut-a-Cord" club in your community, why not organize one?

Here are some woodmen's proverbs from the Forestry Service:

A cord of hardwood has a fuel value equal to two-thirds of a ton of hard coal.

Stumps should be cut as low as possible to avoid waste and save future trouble.

All wood large enough to be made into stove wood should be used. Split wood small enough so that one man can load it on a wagon.

Pine should be split smaller than hardwood so that it may dry out quickly. Hardwood burns fairly well even when green.

In cutting original growth forests, utilize old trees which are not fit for lumber.

Cut small trees of the poorer species.

Cut all dead, diseased, dead-topped, and otherwise inferior material.

Wood lot will be the better for the removal of old trees which have stopped making growth, and of scarred trees and stunted growths.

Leave trees that are more valuable for lumber, ties, or other saleable products than they are for cordwood.

Leave your thrifty trees of the better species below 10 inches in diameter for the future crop.

Pile wood so that air can circulate freely through the pile.

ECONOMY IMPERATIVE FOR HARD COAL USERS SINCE INFLUENZA CUT DOWN ANTHRACITE SUPPLY

United States Fuel Administration Urges All Possible Conservation of Coal on Hand and General Use of Buckwheat Size and Wood.

The United States Fuel Administration calls upon all users of anthracite coal for the utmost conservation of coal this winter.

Where a hundred per cent. supply had been anticipated for every user of hard coal as a domestic fuel, a grave slump in production because of the effects of the influenza epidemic has made it apparent that the most extreme economy, coupled with the use of all available substitutes, will be necessary to prevent discomfort to a large number of householders.

Householders in the Middle West, hitherto accustomed to the use of anthracite coal, were placed on reduced allotments of hard coal this winter in order that the northeastern section of the country might have its customary full supply.

With distribution facilitated through the working of the zone system, the amount of hard coal available appeared to be more than ample for requirements. The anthracite miners had maintained a steady level of production during summer and fall months which seemed to provide a conservative basis for estimates.

A tremendous slump in production followed the sweep of the influenza epidemic, however. Hundreds of miners fell ill from the disease, and of those who recovered few were able to reach their former efficiency within several weeks.

The "long mined" figures, after a slight upward trend from the worst of the "flu" effects, fell again when the miners joined hands with the rest of the country in the two celebrations of the signing of the armistice.

Between the two causes, the total anthracite production figures received a blow which will require the most extreme efforts of all available anthracite miners to remedy. Even before the signing of the armistice the Fuel Administration was obtaining the furlough of anthracite miners from the army to as great an extent as possible in order to meet the situation.

Few consumers have sufficient anthracite coal to last them through the entire winter. If you are one of those fortunates it is incumbent upon you to make the supply in your cellar go as many months as possible in order that less well supplied households will not have to do without.

Aside from the most extreme economy in the use of domestic sizes of anthracite coal, the Fuel Administration urges the following measures:

The use of No. 1 Buckwheat coal to supplement the larger sizes. (Buckwheat size cannot be used alone.)

The use of wood to as great an extent as possible.

The sifting of ashes to reclaim the considerable amount of half-burned or entirely unburned coal falling through grates.

Weather stripping of doors and windows so that less fuel will be required for heating.

USE OF BUCKWHEAT COAL WILL HELP RELIEVE ANTHRACITE SHORTAGE

United States Fuel Administration Urges Liberal Use of Smaller Size of Hard Coal, Which Cost Consumer Less.

For purpose of [illegible] supplementing the supply of regular domestic sizes of anthracite coal the United States Fuel Administration recommends the use of the No. 1 size of Buckwheat anthracite. Buckwheat size is fairly plentiful, while regular sizes are scant, and the ordinary furnace will burn effectively if fired with 25 per cent. Buckwheat and 75 per cent. larger sizes.

Buckwheat coal may also be used with wood.

Here are some rules worked out by heating experts for the use of Buckwheat coal:

If there is a good bed of fire, put large coal on first and then add a top dressing of No. 1 Buckwheat.

If the fire is low, put on a small amount of Buckwheat first and, after a good bed of fire is formed, add the large coal and then the top dressing of Buckwheat.

The ordinary house heater does not have sufficient draft to produce satisfactory results when Buckwheat is used with either Chestnut or Pea Coal.

The exact proportion of the small and large coal should be determined by experience and weather conditions.

Keep the [illegible] ventilate bin.

The [illegible] to steam, hot water, vapor and warm air [illegible]

JONTEEL
The new $100,000 odor
TALC—FACE POWDER
Cold Cream and
Combination Cream
Hogarth's Pharmacy
(THE REXALL STORE)
PHONE 62.

Magazine Agency

Good Housekeeping advances to $2.00 February 1st. Now is your chance to get it for $1.50 per year.

Mrs. H. L. Backus
Smethport, Pa.

Engstrom's Jewelry
A gift for every occasion and to suit all purses can always be found in our well selected stock.
Come and make your choice—the price is always the lowest.
ENGSTROM'S JEWELRY STORE.
Smethport, Pa.

Having bought the
GROCERY BUSINESS
of George M. [illegible]
I intend to keep a full line of staple and fancy Groceries
Come in and let us tell you how to save 60 per cent on your grocery bill.
WALTER C. DALY
Phone 9-2-J
SMETHPORT, PA.

Plows 8 to 10 acres a day. It turns in a 12-foot circle and operates well in orchards and places where space is restricted.
It's pulley belt gives 20 h.p. for stationary work, as filling silos, cutting ensilage, etc.
It is fast replacing teams for work around factories and on oil and gas leases.
We are glad to demonstrate it at any time.
Smethport Garage Co.
Smethport, Pa.

CHOICE CANDY
AND
BAKED GOODS
AT
BRASTED'S
Bakery

Some Weather!

Last winter was a record breaker. This year it may be the same. Who knows? Are you prepared to keep warm no matter how hard the wind blows or how low the thermometer goes?

Better conserve your coal by using a Perfection Oil Heater. The Perfection is *safe* and it will keep any room in the house warm and comfortable in the most severe weather.

And, you will save money, for a Perfection burns an economical fuel. But be particular what *kind* of kerosene you use.

Rayo Lamps

The always reliable light makers. Handsome designs for every room. Give a clear, mellow light, ideal for all purposes. At your dealer's.

ATLANTIC **Rayolight** OIL

is made by a special refining process which gives it exceptional burning, heating and lighting qualities. It does not smoke, give off unpleasant odors or char the wick. Ask for it by name.

Rayo Lanterns

Safest and best. Give a piercing, far-reaching light on the darkest night. Durable construction. Oil founts never leak. At your dealer's.

It's natural to put things off, but *don't* wait to buy your Perfection Oil Heater. Get it from your dealer now. They are reasonably priced —$5.65 to $10.00.

The Atlantic Refining Company
Everywhere in Pennsylvania and Delaware

Plenty of exercise, fresh air, regular hours—is all the prescription you need to avoid Influenza—unless through neglect or otherwise, a cold gets you. Then take—at once

CASCARA QUININE

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores

—Married: Thursday, January 2, 1919, by Rev. Arthur Gregson, at the Methodist parsonage, John R. Giessner, and Irene Whiteman, both of St Marys, Pa.

—The sermon subject at the M. E. church next Sunday morning will be "Heredity;" in the evening "The Stimulus of Obstacles."

—The Victory Bridge club was entertained by Mrs. J. Clayton Backus, Monday evening at her home on East Main street. An elegant six o'clock dinner was served by the hostess and the evening spent playing cards.

—Miss Mary Coady and Miss Iva Holder entertained the Cononada Camp Fire Girls and their guardian, Miss Carrie A. Day, at the home of Miss Coady on Bank street, Tuesday evening. An elegant six o'clock dinner was served by Miss Coady and Miss Holder.

—According to press reports the price of gasoline is due to take a drop in the near future. The report is based on the fact that three times as much gasoline is now being manufactured as under normal conditions while the foreign demand has fallen off to a great extent. There is said already to be an immense amount of gasoline in storage in this country.

—Prompt and efficient work by the fire department saved the New Central Hotel on North Union street, Olean, Saturday morning. The blaze, which originated in the printing shop of Lown and Lown, underneath the rear of the hotel, ate its way up through the partitions and floor into two of the bedrooms located overhead. The fire, however, was checked at this point, with small loss to the rooms. The printing shop was almost a total loss.

—A blaze thought to be of incendiary origin did nearly $20,000 damage at the Bayless pulp and paper plant in Austin last week. A few days prior to the fire a belt was run through an expensive piece of machinery, causing $5,000 damage. Whether these mishaps are simply accidents or due to labor troubles at the plant are questions which detectives are trying to solve. A foreigner employed at the plant is under arrest charged with placing the belt in the machine. The plant will be repaired as quickly as possible.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on the 14th day of January, 1919, by Martin M. Quinn, Paul H. Quinn and Edward E. Currier under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of the intended corporation to be called Quinn Laboratories Co., the character and object of which is to manufacture and deal in the products and by-products obtained from the destructive distillation of wood, and chemical research work in connection therewith, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements

Dated December 16th, 1918.

ALLEN J. HASTINGS,
Solicitor

adv51w3

"NOTICE."

The annual meeting of the policy holders of the McKean Grange Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Pennsylvania, will be held at the Grange National Bank building, Smethport, Pa., on Thursday, January 9th., 1919, between the hours of 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. for the purpose of electing Directors for the year 1919.

adv50w3 H. D. OTTO, Sec'y.

NOTICE.
Stockholders' Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Grange National Bank of McKean County at Smethport, Pa. for the election of directors and the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting, will be held at office of said bank on Tuesday the 14th day of January, 1919. From 12 m. to 2 p. m.

adv 50w3 E. E. DRAKE, Cashier.

SECOND-HAND STOVES AND FURNITURE.

Second-hand stoves and furniture for sale. We also buy them. Call phone 26-M if you wish to buy or sell

adv49tf. MEYER ZAFRON

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Subscriptions may be new or renewal. All renewal subscriptions will be extended for one year from present date of expiration.

THIS OFFER IS LIABLE TO BE CANCELED AT ANY TIME. NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.

Confidence

YOU HAVE TO FIND YOURSELF before you can seek success. True, life is a constant struggle, but you can carry within you sufficient power for any undertaking. DETERMINATION imbued with hope and supported by faith will do anything within the range of possibility.

Now then, lets steam up and move ahead. Begin your Bank account to-day, increase it every day, week or month, prove that you are master. $1 00 starts an account.

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

H. W. Rubin & Son have a new and interesting advertisement today.

—The regular annual business meeting of the Baptist church was adjourned from Jan. 2 to Thursday, Jan. 16th, at eight o'clock. All members are earnestly requested to be present.

—Rev. Walter Green of Alfred, N. Y., will conduct services at the Baptist church next Sunday morning and evening.

—Mrs. Mary E. Bardeen, widow of the late Abram T. Bardeen, died at her home in Eldred, Tuesday December 31, 1918, aged 78 years. She is survived by two sons, Fred and Ernest A. Bernard, both of Eldred. The funeral was held at her late home Thursday, January 2, 1919, at one o'clock and interment in Oak Hill cemetery.

HOW AMERICAN TROOPS FOUGHT OFF HUNS IN TRENCHES IN FRANCE.

—The American troops used what is sometimes known as the new French system of defense, and sometimes as the new German system. At the beginning of the war the front trenches were held very "thick," especially by the British. Later the idea was to have only a handful of men in the first line, one man to a hundred feet, perhaps; for the second line there were many more men and many more machine guns; for the third line men were much more heavily massed and reserves kept available. Lucian Swift Kirtland writes in Leslie's.

This theory of defense against rushes was based on the fact that the enemy can concentrate his men in his front lines for a sudden "over the top"—then lay down a heavy barrage. When the attacking troops come over they strike the first line with their maximum impact. They are likely to overwhelm any ordinary defense, and thus it is a waste of men to try to defend the first line obstinately. But the human body gets tired and when the machine guns and rifles of the second line have had their innings at the attackers the enemy is beginning to slow up from natural exhaustion. On a counter-attack, then, the third line, being fresh, meets the enemy tired from exertion and proceeds to drive him out.

Thus, as we waded through the mud, sometimes well over our knees as we visited some of the half-demolished lines which the Germans had tried to flatten with their artillery in their last raid, we did not find much society, but the snipers, whom we did find at their posts, seemed to have been born to the job. They were men who knew their rifles, and it was a statement of fact and not bursting when they declared that they had the German sharpshooters buffaloed. We came upon one lanky ex-cowpuncher who had been having a four-hour duel with a "Bosh," as he called him. He didn't know I was taking his picture, but just as the camera clicked so also did the hammer of his gun. This time Mr. Hun had taken one too many chances. The fact was proved through the periscope.

ORIGIN OF "YANK" EXPLAINED

How the Nickname Came to Be Applied to American Soldiers Told by Fenimore Cooper.

The nickname Yank, as applied to the American soldier in France, has something of charm in the tradition of the word. Persons interested in the history of words may have noted with interest a footnote in Cooper's "The Deerslayer:"

"It is singular there should be any question concerning the origin of the well-known colloquial of 'Yankee.' Nearly all the old writers who spoke of the Indians first known to the colonists make them pronounce the word 'English' as 'Yengeese.' Even at this day it is a provincialism of New England to say 'English' instead of 'Inglish,' and there is a close conformity of sound between the 'English' and 'Yengeese,' more especially if the latter word, as was probably the case, be pronounced short.

"The transition from 'Yengeese,' thus pronounced, to 'Yangeese,' is quite easy. If the former is pronounced 'Yangis,' it is almost identical with 'Yankees,' and Indian words have seldom been spelt as they are pronounced. The Injuns of the Indian would easily convert 'En' into 'Yen.'"

How Neighborhood Clubs Work.

In many villages there are neighborhood or community clubs which include the churches and other organizations, temperance or fraternal, meeting regularly and considering all sorts of matters touching the neighborhood welfare. These clubs have been giving a good deal of attention to food conservation, as their programs the past winter show. The result has been helpful, and it is noteworthy that where these neighborhood clubs have taken an active interest in food and other patriotic questions there the pastors of the churches have paid attention to the matter from the pulpit. The neighborhood club speaks well for the enterprise and spirit of the neighborhood. One of these clubs that has had a war kitchen reports an awakened interest not only in regard to food conservation but in everything connected with the vigorous prosecution of the war.

Why Humble Cent Is Prized.

The cent, like corn flour, is coming into its own as a result of war. Formerly scorned by all except the needy or the thrifty, as inconvenient and of little practical use, because nearly all prices were made in units of five, it is now, perhaps, the most used and useful of coins. Many articles of common consumption which formerly cost 5 or 10 cents now cost 6 or 11 cents. So with things which could formerly be bought from 10 cents to $1. All require the odd cents now. Chewing gum, cigars, cigarettes, theater tickets are no longer obtainable at even prices. The 1-cent piece instead of being a nuisance is convenient and useful.

WHY

Prince Eitel Is Execrated in France.

Here is how Newell Dwight Hillis, in his book entitled "German Atrocities," tells of the crime for which Prince Eitel, son of the kaiser, now stands under indictment in France, the sacking and ruin of a beautiful chateau:

"One of the historic chateaux is that of Avricourt, rich in noble associations of history. It was one of the class of buildings covered by a clause in the international agreements between Germany, France and the United States and all the civilized nations, safeguarding historic buildings. For many months it was the home of Prince Eitel, second son of the kaiser. When a judge and jury held inquiry at the ruins of the chateau the aged French servant, who understood the electric lighting and had charge of the gas plant during Eitel's occupancy, stated that he heard the German officers telling Eitel Frederick that he would disgrace the German name if he destroyed a building that had no relation to war, that could be of no aid or comfort to the French army, and that he would make his name and that of his family a name of shame and contempt, of obloquy and scorn. But the man would not yield. He brought in his auto trucks and carried to the freight cars every historic object in the splendid chateau. Having pledged himself to leave the building uninjured, the prince stopped his car at the gates of the exit, ran back to the historic house, lighted his firebrand, spread the flames upon the halls, waited until the flames were well in progress, and then ordered his men to light the fuse of dynamite bombs. A few days later inquiry was held and testimony of aged servants and little children was taken. The degeneracy of the German prince as then revealed has not been equaled since the first chapter of Romans catalogued the unnatural crimes of the men of the ancient world."

BROUGHT TOGETHER BY FATE

How Two Brothers in the British Service, Long Parted, Met Each Other on Hospital Dock.

The part which fate played in the reunion of two long-separated brothers is told from an embarkation port in the south of England. Two hospital ships were berthed at the same time alongside the dangling stage. One was from France and the other from the near East.

For the most part the cases removed from one ship saw nothing of those disembarked from the other, but it happened by chance that one of the first stretcher cases from the near East was laid down in the shed along side one of the last stretcher cases from the French ship. But the two men did not see each other, as their heads were turned in opposite directions.

An orderly, walking between the stretchers offered a newspaper to one of the men, and as he spoke both turned their heads and saw and recognized each other. They were brothers. Both had been serving since the autumn of 1914, and neither had the remotest idea of what had become of the other.

How War May Overcome Prejudice.

Englishmen are overcoming their old-fashioned prejudice against "brainy" women, and nowadays all sorts of jobs are being tackled by women with wonderful success.

But there is one sphere which has always been open to them and which has proved more or less a failure, and that is the medical profession. The failure of women in this branch is due, strange to say, to the prejudice of women.

At present there is a shortage of physicians, but there are in training 2,500 women medical students. It remains to be seen to what extent English women will patronize them.

Meanwhile the authorities are urging expectant mothers to engage women doctors to bring their children into the world.

Why Huns Are Hated.

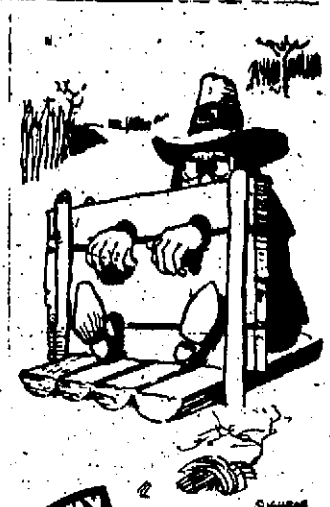
The following extract from a letter received from Wallonia is printed in the Belgian Bulletin:

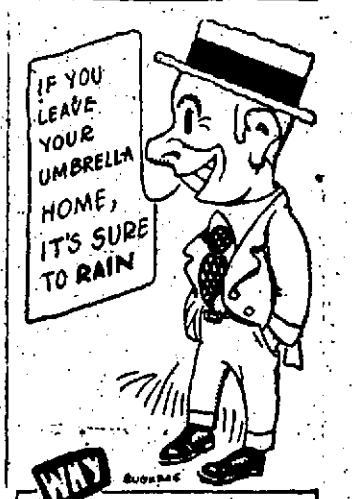
"A farmer was plowing his field in front of his house. A green devil (German policeman) came along and demanded his identification card; first conviction, for not carrying it with him. The farmer crossed the road to go to his house to get it; conviction number two, for having abandoned his horse. The green devil followed the farmer. The housewife was cooking new potatoes, unauthorized before September 15; conviction number three; the chickens in the yard were pecking rye, a serious offense; conviction number four.

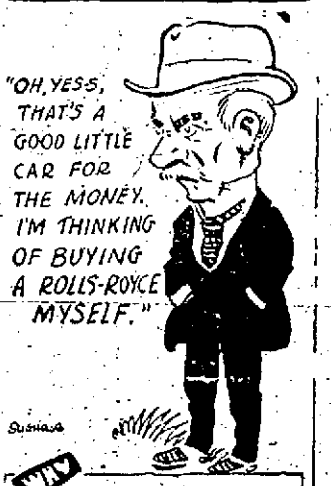
"And all that in less than five minutes."

How State Encourages Settlers.

Colonization in California is being pushed by the state on a 6,000-acre tract, purchased recently, near Chico. The state proposes to provide the settler not only with land, but will erect simple, modern houses, barns, silos and other necessary buildings, payments to be made on an installment plan, with terms that may be met easily. One-third of the investment must be paid at the start, but 25 years' time is given to pay the balance. The prime requisite is a loyal, patriotic citizen not holding land in any other part of the state. Plans are made to invest at least $40,000 in the project at the start.—Engineering News-Record.






"OH, YES-S, THAT'S A GOOD LITTLE CAR FOR THE MONEY. I'M THINKING OF BUYING A ROLLS-ROYCE MYSELF."
WHY
DOES THE GUY WITH NOTHING IN THE BANK BUT AN OVER-DRAFT MAKE CRACKS LIKE THIS?

McKean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner.

ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager

Entered at the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., as second-class matter

Smethport, Pa., Thursday, January 2, 1919.

The whole nation was plunged into gloom Monday morning when the sad news was flashed over the wires that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the United States, the most forceful and picturesque figure ever known in American public life, and probably the most popular man in the country, had passed away at his home at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, N. Y., shortly after 4 o'clock. The cause of his death is said to have been a complication of diseases contracted during an exploring expedition to the wilds of South America a few years ago. During the past 18 months the former President had been treated by the foremost surgeons and medical men of the country; but the malady baffled the skill of the scientists. It is also believed that the death of his youngest son, Quentin, who was killed in France a few months ago during a battle in the air with German battle pilots, affected the former president deeply and hastened the end. While Col. Roosevelt was not feeling well, according to the physicians report he retired Sunday night feeling much better than he had during the day, but at 4:15 he simply ceased to breathe. Death was caused by pulmonary embolism. About a year ago Col. Roosevelt went to Roosevelt hospital and had a series of operations performed principally for malignant ulcers that had formed. After a long seige the doctors stated that the conditions were corrected, but that they could not guarantee a permanent cure. From that time on the former president has suffered almost constantly from one affliction or another. It is believed that Mr. Roosevelt's system was filled with poison during the South American expedition. The news of the passing of this great, well beloved man was received with profound sorrow throughout the country. People dicussed the sad event with tears running down their cheeks. A popular idol of the American has gone and it is entirely safe to say that his death is more univeally and sincerely mourned than had it been any other person in the public life of our country. Theodore Roosevelt will live in glorious memory when certain other individuals who are now enjoying the artificial pomp and splendor of a fleeting fame are forgotten dust.

Theodore Roosevelt, of Dutch ancestry, was born in New York city, October 27, 1858. As a child he was frail and sickly, unable to join with other children in their sports. He was tutored privately in New York and during travels on which his parents took their four children abroad. A porch gymnasium at his home provided him with physical exercise with which he combatted a troublesome asthma. During his college career at Harvard, however, his frail body seemed to undergo a metamorphosis and before graduation he became one of the champion boxers of the college. In 1880 he went to Europe, climbed the Matterhorn and was elected a member of the Alpine club of London—an organization of men who had performed notable feats of adventure. A few months after his graduation Theodore married Miss Alice Lee of Boston. She died in 1884 leaving one child, Alice, now the wife of Representative Nicholas Longworth of Ohio. In 1886 Mr. Roosevelt married Miss Edith Kermit Carow of New York and to them five children were born —Edith, now the wife of Dr. Richard Derby, and four sons, Theodore, jr., Kermit, Archibald and Quentin. His public career began soon after he left college. His profession was law but his public activities left him little time to practic it through life. In 1882-3-4 he was elected to the New York State Assembly, where his efforts on behalf of good government and civil service reform attracted general attention. After serving as chairman of the New York State delegation to the national convention in 1884, he dropped out of politics for a couple of years and purchased ranches along the little Missouri river in North Dakota and divided his time between outdoor work and sport and literary work. The foundation of his famous series, "The Winning of the West," and other volumes of kindred character. Returning to New York he became the Republican candidate for mayor in 1886. He was defeated. President Harrison in 1889 appointed him a member of the United States Civil Service Commission and President Cleveland continued him in that office, which he resigned in 1895 to become New York City's police commissioner. He inaugurated great reforms while in that office which attracted nation-wide attention, and won him the appointment of Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1897. In 1898 the Spanish war broke out and Leonard Wood, now a major general was at that time President McKinley's physician and one of Mr. Roosevelt's staunchest friends. These two friends organized that famous regiment of fighting men known as the Rough Riders. They performed deeds of valor and Lieut. Col. Roosevelt became known the country over as "Teddy." He was elected governor of New York upon his return from Cuba, and in 1900 was elected vice president of the United States. William McKinley was elected president. President McKinley was assassinated and Theodore Roosevelt became president. He retained his predecessor's cabinet, and endeavored to carry out McKinley's policies to the end of his administration. In 1904 he was elected President of the United States by the largest popular vote ever accorded a candidate for that office. He was one of the best beloved men that ever occupied the White House—also one of the most thoroughly detested by those interested in activities that felt the effects of the President's "big stick." His ideas were broad and modern and many great reclaimation projects, the construction of the Panama canal, the establishment of the parcel post system, and scores of other national benefits owe much of their final successes to the initiative of Theodore Roosevelt. His achievements rank high in the history of his country. His name has been a household word for the past thirty years. President Roosevelt declined to be a candidate for re-election but practically named his successor, William H. Taft. It was during President Taft's term of office that a rift in the friendship between the two men occurred that had far-reaching political results. Mr. Roosevelt and his followers withdrew from the Chicago convention in 1912, which nominated Mr. Taft to succeed himself, and organized what was known as the Progressive party with Theodore Roosevelt as its candidate for president. This split in the Republican ranks resulted in Woodrow Wilson's election. It was during this campaign that Colonel Roosevelt became the target for an assassin's bullet in Milwaukee, and although seriously wounded addressed a large gathering of people before he permitted himself to be rushed to Chicago on a special train to receive the attention of skilled physicians. He recovered, although the bullet was never removed from his body. The assassin was sent to an asylum for the insane. It was four yeass before this political break was mended, and in 1916 Mr. Roosevelt gave Chas. E. Hughes, Republican candidate for president, his hearty support. Mr. Taft and Colonel Roosevelt also became friendly again. There is not the slightest doubt that had Colonel Roosevelt lived that a great effort won'd have been made to have him accept the Republican nomination for president, although it is understood that he would have positively declined to be made a candidate.

Roosevelt vigorously advocated a policy of national preparedness from the outbreak of the European war and events have proven that had his advice been followed the war would have been shortened by many months and the resultant saving of thousands of lives. He criticised the weak policies of Woodrow Wilson until the belated declaration of war, when he supported the President and bitterly assailed the pro-German element of the country. He endeavored to obtain the consent of the War Department to establish an army division which he was anxious to take to France, but petty jealousy in high circles defeated his project, although he was one of the very few experienced commanders in the United States.

Denied the privilege of fighting for his flag his interest was centered on his family's participation in the war. Theodore, jr., became a major and Archibald a captain, both in France; Quentin entered a French aviation squadron, and Dr. Denby the medical service also both in France. Kermit failing to pass the physical examination of the U. S. army, receivad a commission in the British army and was soon in Mesopotamia. Quentin was killed in action and Archibald seriously wounded.

To the very last Theodore Roosevelt preached Americanism, he was against a one-man government, and his speeches last fall had much to do in awakening the people to their peril—and the way they smashed that one-man power at the polls is now history.

One of the greatest of Americans has passed away.

The funeral was held yesterday at 12.45 o'clock in Christ Episcopal church at Oyster Bay, the little old-frame structure where for years the family have attended divine worship. At the request of Mrs. Roosevelt no flowers were sent. The altar was decorated only with the laurel placed on it for the Christmas season. Also in conformity with Mrs. Roosevelt's wishes there was no eulogy and no music—just the service of the Episcopal church conducted by the rector, Rev. George E. Talmadge. The remains were buried on a knoll overlooking Long Island Sound.

LETTER FROM NORMAN HULL.

Bar Le Duc, France, Dec. 3, 1918.

Dear Brother and All:—

Received your letter of Oct. 31st, last night, and the two with the England address I answered on the 25th and in those letters I told you we expected to be home by Christmas or New Year's. But according to the latest report we won't get away before next spring. That means three or four months of snow and mud; don't mind the mud much until it gets to be over ankle deep. We are in camp near Bar Le Duc now, but have been moved around considerably since we struck France. I had one trip over Verdun when the German lines were near the city limits and believe me it was no pleasure. I understand that some New York paper gave the 20th quite a write up as the "first day bombing group of the first army." I guess we were the first to do any bombing in daylight and I know we were the first to send up American made machine over the line — the wonderful Liberty motor and De-Ha-4 plane. Sorry you sprained your ankle and hope it won't bother you for the big hunting trip and sure wish I was there to go along. You people at home were not the only ones to celebrate the 11th. I think we fired every gun that could be found in camp. That wasn't enough noise, so we fired bombs till the earth fairly trembled, and that night some of the boys tried to drink all the wine there was in France, but didn't succeed, for there was some left for Thanksgiving. Am sending you some souvenirs of France but will bring more with me when I come. As long as we have to stay here would like a better camp. The mud is knee-deep and you could throw a cat out of the hut any place. Well, if I don't go to supper will probably go hungry, so will close.

Your brother.

NORMAN HULL,
20th Aero Sqd., American Air Service, France.

A little ad in the MINER will do the business if you need help, have something to buy or sell, have lost or found something. Try a few lines. Advertise in the MINER.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of Alias Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale, on the premises hereinafter described, on

Tuesday, January 28th, 1919, at 10:30 o'clock, a. m.

ALL the defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at an iron post on the south side of State street, twelve rods more or less west of Center Street, and at the northeast corner of lot deeded to Edward E. McQuiston and Escher L. McQuiston; thence south one hundred, 100, feet; thence east thirty two, 32, feet; thence north one hundred, 100, feet to State Street; thence west along State Street thirty two, 32, feet to the place of beginning. Said lot containing three thousand two hundred, 3200, square feet.

Improved and having erected thereon a one story frame cottage.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Emil S. Johnson at the suit of E. C. White, now for use of William Wallace Brown.

E. W. JONES, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.
January 6, 1919. 3t

NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pennsylvania.

In the Matter of the Change of Name of Gale Harling Oxley.

Decree of Court.

Now, to-wit, December 12, 1918, the petition of Gale Harling Oxley, a resident of McKean County, having been presented to this Court more than three months prior hereto, to-wit, September 5, 1918, praying this Court to make a decree changing his name as above to Gale Oxley Matson.

It is hereby ordered and decreed that the prayer of said petition is hereby granted and the petitioner shall henceforth take the name and be known as Gale Oxley Matson.

Notice of this decree to be published in the McKean County Miner for four successive weeks as provided by the Act of April 9, 1852, P. L. 391.

(Signed) J. W. BOFTON,
Jones & Wick, P. J.
Attorneys for Petitioner. adv1w3

LEGAL NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AN Application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on January 14, A. D. 1919, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations", approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the renewal of the charter heretofore granted to the Heinemann Chemical Company on January 26, A. D. 1899, for a period of twenty years, the character and objects of the corporation being to engage in the manufacturing of acetate of lime, wood-alcohol and charcoal, and other products from wood, and for those purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

N. E. HAUSE,
Solicitor.
adv51w3

GET YOUR FALL FOOTWEAR

Dress your feet for the muddy, sloppy, cold days. We have footwear for the whole family, including rubber goods.

WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOE MEN

WE HAVE A LARGE SUPPLY OF THE BEST FLOUR ON THE MARKET.

Pillsbury's Best—
Thornton and Chester
White Puff
Gold Ball

And the very best Buckwheat flour. Also prepared Buckwheat and all other pancake flour at very low prices this week.

Syrups——Salt Pork—Bacon—Hams.

The Lindholm Grocery,

Telephone 16-M.

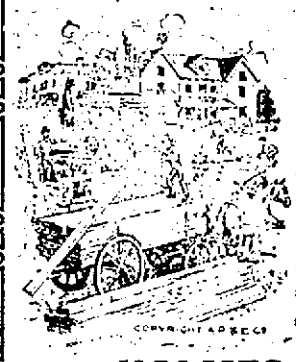
CASH GROCER. SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get good, honest Furniture, the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H SASSE Furniture, and Wall Paper Undertaking in All Its Branches

HIGH-GRADE LUMBER



AND PLENTY OF IT

is awaiting the disposal of all who are building or intending to build, at our yards. Come and look over our stock and convince yourself that we have just the stuff you need—and that we can supply promptly, every kind of hard and soft wood needed to erect any style of building from cellar to roof.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Smethport.

FIGHT THE FLU
WITH GOOD EATS.

Half the battle is won if your system is nourished with good food. Get the pure unadulterated lines of food stuffs—the kind we sell here.

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

The Store with many years' reputation for fair and square dealing.

Don't forget the Old Reliable Stand when buying Christmas presents.

Toilet Cases, Knitting Sets, Work Boxes, beautiful line of Ladies' Purses, Perfumes, a full line of Stationery. In fact everything to make the heart glad for Christmas.

The Old Reliable Stand

H. C. WELLS

Drug Store.

Watch for January Clearance Sale ad. in next week's issue

We are going to interest you even if prices are high

Masser Brothers Co.
THE DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE 149

Armours Fertilizers

I am in position to give you very attractive prices on ARMOUR'S FERTILIZERS.

The reputation of the Armour Fertilizers has been made from results obtained in the field and you will make no mistake if you fill your fertilizer requirements with Armour's High Grade Animal Matter Fertilizers.

Write me or call for prices I know they will interest you.

B. T. GALICK
The Corner Hardware

McKean County Miner

Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa, as second class mail matter

Smethport, Pa., Thursday, Jan. 1, 1919

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Call in sch ol opened again Monday morning.

Garlick's hardware has a new advertisement today.

See the new advertisement of the Lindholm grocery.

Chas. W. Masser has an interesting advertisement today.

The Hogarth Pharmacy has a change of advertisement today.

Mrs. A. G. Abbey is confined to her home on account of influenza.

—The county auditors and jury commissioners have started their labors for 1918.

John Taylor has been ill for the past two weeks but is able to be out again.

—J. V. Gallup is out again after several days' tussle with the influenza.

—Lincoln Green of this borough has purchased the L. A. Patterson farm in Reed Hollow.

—Mrs. H. L. Backus makes an important announcement to magazine readers in her ad. today.

Zero weather the first this winter, has caused the plumbers to be in great demand, and gas meters are working overtime.

Masser Bros. Co. announce that next week their big annual January clearance sale starts. Their ad. next week will be interesting.

Olean has a policewoman. Mrs Bertha S. Crane has been appointed special policewoman with the same compensation as paid policemen.

Wise is the man or woman who buys wisely. Read Monheimer's offer in today's MINER. You'll find his advertisement in the usual place.

The Fry Company reminds you of the fact that only two more days of the big clearance sale remain and that many bargains are still awaiting buyers.

—Editor Charles F. Boller of the Port Allegany Reorter-Argus was transacting business in town Friday and found time to make the MINER office a pleasant call.

—The annual appointments for the year 1919 were made Tuesday of this week. The appointments were the same as last year with the exception that F. E. Tull was appointed janitor of the court house.

A number of very interesting letters from soldiers have been received during the past week and will be published just as soon as conditions at this office make it possible.

The annual meeting of the Smethport Rifle Club will be held next Sunday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock in the Public Safety office, on Main street. All members are requested to be present.

The cold snap seems to have called a halt on influenza. There have been but very few cases reported in this vicinity during the past week and those reported were of a very mild form of the disease.

Mrs. James A. McKean has established an enviable record for the year 1918. During the year she knit 36 pairs of socks, 16 sweaters and 19 scarfs for the Red Cross, and also twenty pairs of mittens for friends.

—Floyd Averill, one of Smethport's Y. M. C. A. workers in France, who has been in Paris for 3 or 4 weeks for treatment on account of being gassed and otherwise injured, carrying provisions into the front line trenches, has recovered sufficiently to be on duty again.

—George Irons, Jr., threshed 19,417 bushels of grain during the past season which closed for him on Dec. 7, 1918. His threshing machine was not a large one but his outfit was new and as a consequence his season's work was far above the average thresherman's.

—H. D. Hardacre of Oswego N. Y., finished the work of setting up the Optimus press in The Boys' Magazine plant and left for his home Saturday. The press, with automatic feeder, adds greatly to the equipment of the Smethport establishment and will be used for printing the covers, in colors, of that popular magazine.

A typographical error last week made the MINER announce the fact that four monthly magazines and the MINER could be secured for $2.55. The price should have read $2.55, which is a swell bargain at that, and we trust that no person will ask the mistaken rate after the publication of this notice. No more orders will be filled at less than $2.55.

—Just as a suggestion, wouldn't it be a good plan for whoever happens to ring the fire bell when turning in the alarm to give it a few extra "clangs" for good luck, and thus help to notify people who would be more than willing to help get out the apparatus if they knew that an alarm had been turned in. Dozens of people within a few blocks of the box house did not hear the alarm last Friday and as a result their services were wasted.

—The local basketball season was ushered in last Friday evening by a victory o fthe Smethport High School over the aggregation from the Johnsonburg High School. The score was 32-15. A fair-sized crowd enthusiastically followed the play which was at all stages closely contested and interesting. A very interesting account of the game was furnished to the MINER but had to be omitted on account of help shortage.

The family of W. R. Fulmer were all poisoned either by accidentally putting something in the pan cakes in place of soda or some other unknown means. They have been very ill for several days. Mr. Fulmer is some better, but Mrs. Fulmer is still quite ill from the effects. The fact that it was several hours after they became ill before a physician could be procured probably was the cause of the delayed recovery.

While it is too bad to spoil the gloat of surrounding towns over Smethport's alleged influenza epidemic, it must be stated that the said epidemic is non-existant. The shortage of cough syrup which occasioned intense excitement in Bradford and other towns has also ceased to exist and Smethport is able to sit up every day long enough to have its bed made. Don't think for a minute that we're ungrateful for the "sympathy" extended.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. R. Kessler and daughter, Ruth, were Olean visitors Monday.

W. H. Gallup returned Tuesday from a business trip to Erie.

Miss Ruth Howe was a guest of friends in Olean last Friday.

Miss Margaret Hubbard was an Olean visitor last Thursday.

Capt. Melville Gillett is on a business mission in Washington.

Miss Vera Jones is a guest of relatives and friends in Johnsonburg this week.

T. F. Quirk of Manahgton, W. Va., visited relatives in Smethport last week.

Miss Mary Henretty was a guest of friends in Mt. Jewett a few days last week.

Miss Elvira Mellander of Mt. Jewett, was a Smethport visitor last week Thursday.

John Lindholm and John VanHad were Pittsburgh visitors last Friday and Saturday.

Willard Howe, Pearl Connolly, Louis Earl and Pete Josephson were recent visitors in Coudersport.

Frank Perkwith of Olean was a guest at the home of W. B. Hepper Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. L. Sheehan of Ridgway was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Martha Chadwick, a few days last week.

Mrs. Peter Fay was in Olean recently to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Margaret McCormick.

Miss Marie Purtle returned Monday from Olean where she had been a guest of friends for a few days.

Mrs. Alice Heath who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. O. J. Wettrick in Coudersport, has returned home.

T. M. Mattoson of Bethla was a Smethport business visitor Monday and made thisoffice apleasant call.

Mrs. George McGowan and children of Indiana, Pa., are guests of Mrs. McGowan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gleason.

Mrs. Henry McGavisk and daughter, Marie, of East Smethport attended the funeral of Mrs. Earl Abbey at Sartwell last week.

Frederick Nowton of Coudersport who had been a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Connolly, has returned to his home in that place.

Mrs. Scott F. Redfield and children, Scott Jr., Janet and Holland, have returned from a visit with Mrs. Redfield's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Larned, at Syracuse, N. Y.

Samuel Green and daughter, Mrs. W. P. Mitchell, of Washington, D. C., visited relatives and friends in Buffalo last Thursday and Friday. They report an excellent time.

Edward Lindholm who was in training for the aviation service at Gulfport, Miss., has received his honorable discharge an dreturned to his home in Smethport last Saturday.

Miss Margaret Barker who had been spending the holidays with her mother left Monday for Washington where she will resume her studies at the National Park Seminary.

Miss Helen Freeman who had been a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Freeman, left Saturday for Chicago where she is a student at the North Western University.

Mrs. Hazel R. Balz and children are in Buffalo visiting her mother, Mrs Russell. She will return in a few days and move to Buffalo where she will make her future home.

Miss Vera Freeman who is engaged as chief dietician at Camp Mills, Long Island, has returned to her duties after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Freeman.

Private Ralph R. Provin, of the Marine Corps, after sending Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Provin, went to Buffalo and spent New Year's with his brother, Murrel, from there he returned to Quantico Va.

Miss Ruth Jones visited Mt. Jewett friends Friday.

Miss Birdie Monheimer went to Buffalo last Thursday where she entered Bryant and Stratton's business college, for a year's course, in typewriting and stenography. She was accompanied by her father, Wm. Monheimer, who returned Friday.

MILLINERY FOR ALL.

Always find something here that pleases. The season's choicest offerings or the "emergency" hat that must be secured in a short time. We cordially welcome you at any time and are ever ready to fill your desires in the line of seasonable millinery. CARRIE CLARK. adv1tf.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Advertise in the MINER.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

December 25, Charley Smith and Mary Smith, both of Keystone, Pa.

Dec. 26, Wilson D. Lounsburg of Bradford, Pa., and Anna B. Owens of Rochester, N. Y.

Dean W. Conner of Port Allegany and Lelda I. Ellithrope, of Sheffield, Pa.

Morris Grasfeld of Philadelphia and Sara Freda Valmpolski of Bradford.

Dec. 27, Charles David Chagee and Bessie Marion Baker, both of Port Allegany, Pa.

Dec. 28, Wilson Emery Bailey and Mildred Agnes Hedlund, both of Gutfey, Pa.

Jan. 2, John R. Glessner and Irene Whiteman; both of St. Marys, Pa.

Deeds.

Jan. 2, George Rosecrans a nd wife to William J. Cameron, Wetmore, Pa., $325.

Sarah Ann Nixon and husband to Robert Cotter, Port Allegany, $800.

Herbert Cook and wife to Deo L. Dennis, Eldred twp., $1.

Jan. 3. Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Co. to C. A. Reed, Kane, $900.

Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Co. to Mary Rich, Kane, $700.

Elisha K. Kane and wife to Carrie Wood, Hamlin, $3537.15.

The Bradford National Bank to the Bradford Club, Bradford, $1.

The Bradford Club to the Bradford National Bank, Bradford, $1.

Rob C. Butterfield and wife to Patrick O'Connor, East Smethport, $125.

Jasper S. Rank to John Perry and wife, Ceres twp, $3.00.

Jen J. Andrew J. Douglass and wife to Earl C. Walters, Cal. Foster, $125.

Alfred H. Williams et al, trustees, to August Johnson, Wetmore, $725.17.

Gretta K. Ward to M. N. Allen, Port Allegany, $2.00.

Nina M. Wood and husband to Mrs Ada E. Laymah, Port Allegany, $125.

Chas. Phalon and wife to O. D. Underwood, Eldred twp., $2000.

Chas. Phalon and wife to O. D. Underwood, Eldred twp., $1000.

O. D. Underwood and wife to A. J. Drake, Eldred twp., $1000.

A. J. Drake and wife to O. D. Underwood, Eldred twp., $4000.

Jan. 6. Mary A. Hawks to Ruth Hurton, Kane, $1.

Frank Sullivan Smith and wife to W. N. Y. & P. Railroad Co., Eldred, twp., $1000.

Jan. 7. A. J. Edgett and wife to Willis H. Griffith, Bradford, $375.

Lesser H. Cohil and wife to McKean Twp. $1.

M. G. Dennis to Charlotte A. Titus, Otto Twp. $1.

Charlotte A. Titus and husband to John Looker, Otto, $500.

Walter K. Egbert and wife to Clarence L. Egbert, Bradford, $800.

Satisfaction of Mortgage.

Jan. 2—Charles Hess to F. D. Gibbs and wife, Bradford, $350.

Charles Hess to Frank D. Gibbs, $400.

Delano Raub heirs of to Jasper S. Raub, Ceres Twp. $1100.

Jan 4—Vessa B. Jackson to George W. Waldo, Bradford, $600.

Jan 6.—Bradford Building Loan and Saving Association to Velma May Eymer and husband, Lafayette Twp, $1700.

Don't Puzzle

about the youngsters clothes Let us fit him with a pair of classy

DUTCHESS KNICKERBOCKERS

—$1.50 to $3.00 a Pair—

They are warranted against button troubles or seams ripping.—We'll make good" if such troubles arise, we oger many other fine values in our Boys' Department.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

Pictorial Patterns Arrow Shirts

THE FRY COMPANY

Only Two More Winter Clearance Sale Days

THE BIG WINTER CLEARANCE SALE will end Saturday night, January 11. Hundreds of dollars worth of dependable, warranted dry goods have passed over our counters into the hands of eager purchasers at prices which increase the dollar buying power wonderfully. If you have not supplied your wants at this big sale with the little prices, come to-morrow and next day—there's plenty for you even now and the opportunities for saving are varied and numerous.

Just a few Sample Bargains

Coats Best Spool Cotton - - - now 5c spool
R.M.C. Crochet Cotton - - - now 12c ball
Men's Cashmere Socks - - - - now 42c pair
$12.50 Natural Raccoon Fur Set now $7.50
11.50 Blue Oppossum Fur Set now 7.50
Other furs reduced 20 per cent.
35c Flannelettes - - - - now 25c yard
42c Yard Wide Colored Outings now 35c yard
$11.75 Wool Bed Blankets 70x80 now $9.50 pr
Middy Blouses half price - now 50c to $1.13
Best 27-in Dress Ginghams now 28c a yard
All knit Underwear for men, women and children 20 per cent. off
Men's $9 50 Wool Sweaters - - now $6.50
All other Sweaters reduced 20 per cent.
Linen and Cotton Towellings reduced 20 per ct
Children's Coats, size 9 to 12, 1-3 off now $6.00 to $8.00
Ladies' and Misses' Coats, sizes 14 to 45, 1-3 off, now $7.35 to $29.75.
Ladies Suits, size 36-38-45, 1-3 off, now $23.35 to $28.35

TERMS CASH

To our customers and friends we wish prosperity the coming year

Practice thrift and saving

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company
Smethport, Pa.

YOU CANNOT

afford to insure yourself; otherwise you would not need insurance.

The same reasons that prompted you to carry insurance should, upon due inquiry, admonish you perhaps to take out more insurance, because of the increased cost of building materials, labor, and nearly every other item of expense entering into the cost of making repairs, or of re-building, after a fire. Ask

Burdick's Insurance Agency & Music Store

305 W. MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA

MAN WANTED.

Proposal for Sexton for Rose Hill Cemetery, at a fixed annual salary, will be received by H. H. Sasse until Feby. 1, 1919. adv2w2

FOR SALE.

One horse plow, ton of hay, first class harness

L. E. SCHOONMAKER, East Smethport.

adv1tf

The Light in the Clearing

A Tale of the North Country in the Time of Silas Wright

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "D'ri and I," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles" "Keeping Up With Lizzie," Etc., Etc.

(Copyright, 1917, Irving Bacheller)

CHAPTER VI.

My Second Peril.

One day Mr. Grimshaw came out in the field to see my uncle. They

One Day Mr. Grimshaw Came Out in the Field to See My Uncle.

walked away to the shade of a tree while the hired man and I went on with the hoeing. I could hear the harsh voice of the moneylender speaking in loud and angry tones and presently he went away.

"What's the rip?" I asked as my uncle returned looking very sober.

"We won't talk about it now," he answered.

In the candlelight of the evening Uncle Peabody said:

"Grimshaw has demanded his mortgage money an' he wants it in gold coin. We'll have to git it some way, I dunno how."

"Why of all things!" my aunt exclaimed. "How are we goin' to git all that money—these hard times?—eyes! I'd like to know?"

"Well, I can't tell ye," said Uncle Peabody, "I guess he can't forgive us for savin' Bobney Barnes."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Why, he says we hadn't no business to do a darn to help us. He says he says we ought to be all run out o' town. He thinks I ought to look you out o' school and keep you at work. I said, 'Nay, nay, sir,' to him. He was mad when he went. We will have a hook it yet before we get there in the corn-field."

What else we talked about I spent the greater part of my life thinking the plan which had been so dear to me but not so dear as my aunt and me be. I decided to give all my life and strength to the saving of the farm. I would stick by to the end, but not as long as the Senator

[illegible] my heart that in the [illegible] silliness of man's ways. I was still a [illegible] So hard and harmless and [illegible] and to the end without assistance. My [illegible] Perels, our hired man were busy with the chopping and we were out in front and [illegible]. It took a lot of [illegible] to keep the axes going. So I filled [illegible] with corn and two with wheat and put them into the box wagon, for the ground was bare, and [illegible] got up my horses and set out.

I reached the mill safely and before the [illegible] and the earth and the sky above were white with snow driving down in a cold, stiff wind out of the northwest. I tickled my grists and covered them with a blanket and hurried away. The snow came so fast that it almost blinded me. There were times when I could scarcely see the road or the horses. The wind came colder and soon it was hard work to hold the reins and keep my hands from freezing.

Suddenly the wheels began jumping over rocks. The horses were in the birch. I knew what was the matter, for my eyes had been filling with snow and I had had to brush them often. Of course the [illegible] happened in a like manner. Before I could stop I heard the crack of a felly and a front wheel dropped to its hub. I checked the horses and jumped out and went to their heads and cleared their eyes. The snow was up to my knees then.

How the thought of that broken wheel smote me! It was our only heavy wagon, and we having to pay the mortgage! What would my uncle say? The query brought tears to my eyes.

I unhitched and led my horses up into the cover of the pines. How grateful it seemed, for the wind was slack below but howling in the treetops! I knew that I was four miles from home and knew not how I was to get there. Chilled to the bone, I gathered some pitch pine and soon had a fire going with my flint and tinder. I knew that I could mount one of the horses and lead the other and reach home probably. But there was the grist. We needed that; I knew that we should have to go hungry without the grist. It would get wet from above and below if I tried to carry it on the back of a horse. I warmed myself by the fire and hitched my team near it so as to thaw the frost out of their forelocks and eyebrows. I felt in my coat pockets and found a handful of nails—everybody carried nails in one pocket in those days—and I remember that my uncle's pockets were a museum of bolts and nuts and screws and washers.

The idea occurred to me that I would make a kind of sled which was called a *jumper*.

So I got my ax out of the wagon and soon found a couple of small trees with the right crook for the forward end of a runner, and cut them and hewed their bottoms as smoothly as I could. Then I made notches in them near the top of their crooks and fitted a stout stick into the notches and secured it with nails driven by the ax-head. Thus I got a hold for my evener. That done, I chopped and hewed an arch to cross the middle of the runners and hold them apart and used all my nails to secure and brace it. I got the two boards which were fastened together and constituted my wagon seat and laid them over the arch and front brace. How to make them fast was my worst problem. I succeeded in splitting a green stick to hold the bolt of the evener just under its head while I heated its lower end in the fire and kept its head cool with snow. With this I burnt a hole in the end of each board and fastened *them to the front brace with withes of* moosewood.

It was late in the day and there was no time for the slow process of burning more holes, so I notched the other ends of the boards and lashed them to the rear brace with a length of my reins. Then I retempered my bolt and brought up the grist and chain and fastened the latter between the boards in the middle of the front brace, hitched my team to the chain and set out again, sitting on the bags.

It was pitch dark and the horses sank to their bellies and the snow coming faster when we turned into Battleroad. Soon I heard a loud halloo and knew that it was the voice of Uncle Peabody. He had started out to meet me in the storm and Shep was with him.

"Thank God I've found ye!" he shouted. "I'm blind and tired out and couldn't keep a-lookin' any to save me. Are ye froze?"

"I'm all right, but these horses are awful tired. Had to let 'em rest every few minutes."

I told him about the wagon—and how it relieved me to hear him say:

"As long as you're all right, boy, I ain't goin' to worry 'bout the ol' wagon—not a bit. Where'd ye git yer jumper?"

"Made it with the ax and some nails," I answered.

After we got to the barn door at last he went to the horse and lighted his lantern and came back with it wrapped in a blanket and Aunt Deel came with him.

How proud it made me to hear him say:

"Dee-dee, our boy is a man now—maybe this jumper act done by himself an' jes got through all right."

She came and held the lantern up to my face and looked at my hands.

"Well, my stars alive!" she exclaimed in a moment, "I thought ye would freeze up solid—eyes—poor boy!"

We carried the grist in and Aunt Deel made some pudding. How good it was to feel the warmth of the fire and of the hearts of those who loved me! How I enjoyed the pudding and milk and bread and butter!

"I guess you've come through the worst peril that ol' Kate spoke of," said Aunt Deel as I went upstairs.

Uncle Peabody went out to look at the horses.

When I awoke in the morning I observed that Uncle Peabody's bed had not been slept in. I hurried down and heard that our old horse had died in the night of colic. Aunt Deel was crying. As she saw me Uncle Peabody began to dance a jig in the middle of the floor.

"Balance yer partners!" he shouted. "You an' I ain't goin' to be discouraged if all the hosses die—be we, Bart?"

"Never," I answered.

"That's the talk! If necessary we'll hitch Purvis up with Cother hoss an' git our haulin' done."

He and Purvis roared with laughter and the strength of the current swept me along with them.

"We're the luckiest folks in the world, anyway," Uncle Peabody went on. "Bart's alive an' there's three feet o' snow on the level an' more comin' an' it's colder'n Greenland."

It was such a bitter day that we worked only three hours and came back to the house and played Old Sledge by the fireside.

Bobney Barnes came over that afternoon and said that he would lend us a horse for the hauling.

We had good sleighing after that and got our bark and nails to market and earned $98. But while we got our pay in paper "bank money," we had to pay our debts in wheat, oats or corn, so that our earnings really amounted to only $62.50, my uncle said. We gave the balance and ten bushels of wheat to Mr. Grimshaw for a spavined horse, after which he agreed to give us at least a year's extension on the principal.

We felt easy then.

CHAPTER VII.

My Third Peril.

"Mr. Purvis" took his pay in nails and stayed with us until my first great adventure cut him off. It came one July day when I was my sixteenth year. He believed he and I, as any normal boy would have done who had had my schooling by candle light. We had kept Grimshaw from our door by paying interest and the sum of $80 on the principal. It had been hard work to live comfortably and carry the burden of debt. Again Grimshaw had begun to press us. My uncle wanted to get his paper and learn, if possible, when the senator was expected in Canton.

So he gave me permission to ride with Purvis to the post office—a distance of three miles—to get the mail. Purvis rode in our only saddle and I bareback, on a handsome white filly which my uncle had given me soon after she was foaled. I had fed and petted and broken and groomed her and she had grown so fond of me that my whistled call would bring her galloping from the remotest reaches of the pasture. I had named her Sally because that was the only name which seemed to express my fondness.

"Mr. Purvis" was not an experienced rider. My filly led him at a swift gallop over the hills, and I heard many a muttered complaint behind me, but she liked a free head when we took the road together, and I let her have her way.

Coming back we fell in with another rider who had been resting at Seaver's little tavern through the heat of the

A Gun Went Off in the Edge of the Bushes Close By.

day. He was a traveler on his way to Canton and had missed the right trail and wandered far afield. He had a big military saddle with bags and many brass trimmings and a pistol in a holster. [illegible] appealed to my eyes. [illegible] It was a little tired and [illegible] and we were riding there at a walk while Purvis trailed behind us.

We heard a quick stir in the bushes by the roadside.

"What's that?" Purvis demanded in a half-whisper of excitement. We stopped.

Then promptly a voice—a voice which I did not recognize—broke the silence with these menacing words, sharply spoken:

"Your money or your life!"

"Mr. Purvis" whirled his horse and *spurred him up the hill. Glancing* backward, I saw him lose a stirrup and fall and pick himself up and run as if his life depended on it. I saw the stranger draw his pistol. A gun went off in the edge of the bushes close by. The flash of fire from its muzzle leaped at the stranger. The horses reared and plunged and mine threw me in a clump of small poplars by the roadside and dashed down the hill.

My fall on the stony siding had stunned me and I lay for three or four seconds, as nearly as I can estimate it, in a strange and peaceful dream. Why did I dream of Amos Grimshaw coming to visit me again, and why, above all, should it have seemed to me that enough things were said and done in that little flash of a dream to fill a whole day—enough of talk and play and going and coming, the whole ending with a talk on the haymow? Again and again I have wondered about that dream. I came to and lifted my head and my consciousness swung back upon *the track of memory and took up the* thread of the day, the briefest remove from where it had broken.

I peered through the bushes. The light was unchanged. I could see quite clearly. The horses were gone. It was very still. The stranger lay helpless in the road and a figure was bending over him. It was a man with a handkerchief hanging over his face with holes cut opposite his eyes. He had not seen my fall and thought, as I learned later, that I had ridden away.

His gun lay beside him, its stock toward me. I observed that a piece of wood had been split off the lower side of the stock. I jumped to my feet and seized a stone to hurt at him. As I did so the robber fled with gun in hand. If the gun had been loaded I suppose that this little history would never have been written. Quickly I hurled the stone at the robber. I remember it was a smallish stone about the size of a hen's egg. I saw it graze the side of his head. I saw his hand touch the place which the stone had grazed. He reeled and nearly fell and recovered himself and ran on, but the little stone had put the mark of Cain upon him.

The stranger lay still in the road I lifted his head and dropped it quickly with a strange sickness. The feel of it and the way it fell back upon the ground when I let go scared me, for I knew that he was dead. The dust around him was wet. I ran down the hill a few steps and stopped and whistled to my filly. I could hear her answering whinny far down the dusty road and then her hoofs as she galloped toward me. She came within a few feet of me and stood snorting. I caught and mounted her and rode to the nearest house for help. On the way I saw why she had stopped. A number of horses were feeding on the roadside near the log house where Andrew Crampton lived. Andrew had *just unloaded some hay* and was backing out of his barn. I hitched my filly and jumped on the rack saying:

"Drive up the road as quick as you can. A man has been murdered."

What a fearful word it was that I had spoken! What a panic it made in the little dooryard! The man gasped and jerked the reins and shouted to his horses and began swearing. The woman uttered a little scream and the children ran crying to her side.

The physical facts which are further related to this tragedy are of little moment to me now. The stranger was dead and we took his body to our home and my uncle set out for the constable. Over and over again that night I told the story of the shooting. We went to the scene of the tragedy with lanterns and fenced it off and put some men on guard there.

In the morning they found the robber's footprints in the damp dirt of the road and measured them. The whole countryside was afire with excitement and *searching the woods* and fields for the highwayman.

The stranger was buried. There was nothing upon him to indicate his name or residence. Weeks passed with no news of the man who had stolen him. I had told of the gun with a piece of wood broken out of its stock, but no one knew of any such weapon in or near Hickity-split.

One day Uncle Peabody and I drove up to Grimshaw's to make a payment of money. I remember it was gold—not silver which we carried in a little sack. I asked where Amos was and Mrs. Grimshaw, a timid, tired-looking, busy little woman who was never seen outside of her own house—said that he was working out on the farm of a Mr. Beekman near Plattsburg. He had gone over on the stage late in June to hire out for the haying. I observed that my uncle looked very thoughtful as we rode back home and had little to say.

"You never had any idea who that *robber was, did ye?*" he asked by and by.

"No—I could not see plain—it was so dusk," I said.

The swift words, "Your money or your life!" came out of my memory and rang in it. I felt its likeness to the scolding dentands of Mr. Grimshaw, who was forever saying in effect:

"Your money or your home!"

That was like demanding our lives, because we couldn't live without our home. Our all was in it. Mr. Grimshaw's gun was the power he had over us, and what a terrible weapon it was! I credit him with never realizing *how terrible.*

We came to the sandhills and then Uncle Peabody broke the silence by saying:

"I wouldn't give fifty cents for as much o' this land as a bird could fly around in a day."

Then for a long time I heard only the sound of feet and wheels muffled in the sand, while my uncle sat looking thoughtfully at the siding. When I spoke to him he seemed not to hear me.

Before we reached home I knew what was in his mind, but neither dared speak of it.

People came from Canton and all the neighboring villages to see and talk with me, and among them were the Dunkelbergs. Unfounded tales of my bravery had gone abroad.

Sally seemed to be very glad to see me. We walked down to the brook and up into the maple grove and back through the meadows.

The beauty of that perfect day was upon her. I remember that her dress was like the color of its fireweed blossoms and that the blue of its sky was in her eyes and the yellow of the sunlight in her hair and the red of its clover in her cheeks. I remember how the August breezes played with her hair, flinging its golden curving strands about her neck and shoulders so that it touched my face, now and then, as we walked! Somehow the rustle of her dress started a strange vibration in my spirit. I put my arm around her waist and she put her arm around mine as we ran along. A curious feeling came over me. I stopped and loosed my arm.

"It's very warm!" I said as I picked a stalk of fireweed.

What was there about the girl which so thrilled me with happiness?

She turned away and felt the ribbon by which her hair was gathered at the back of her head.

After a moment of silence I ventured:

"I guess you've never fallen in love."

"Yes, I have."

"Who with?"

"I don't think I dare tell you," she answered, slowly, looking down as she walked.

"I'll tell you who I love if you wish," I said.

"Who?"

"You." I whispered the word and was afraid she would laugh at me, but she didn't.

We stopped and listened to the song

"Will You Love Me Always and Forever?"

of a bird—I do not remember what bird it was—and then she whispered:

"Will you love me always and forever?"

"Yes," I answered in the careless way of youth.

She stopped and looked into my eyes and I looked into hers.

"May I kiss you?" I asked, and afraid, with cheeks burning.

She turned away and answered: "I guess you can if you want to."

Now I seem to be in Aladdin's tower and to see her standing so red and graceful and innocent in the sunlight, and that strange fire kindled by our kisses warms my blood again.

That night I heard a whispered conference below, after I had gone upstairs. I knew that something was coming and wondered what it might be. Soon Uncle Peabody came up to our little room looking highly serious. I sat half undressed and rather fearful, for I read his face. As I think of the [illegible] soul of the boy, I feel a touch of pathos in that scene. I think that he felt it, for I remember that his whisper trembled a little as he began to tell me why men are strong and women are beautiful and given in marriage.

"You'll be falling in love one o' these days," he said. "It's natural ye should. You remember Rovin' Katy?" he asked by and by.

"Yes," I answered.

"Some day when you're a little older I'll tell ye her story an' you'll see what happens when men an' women break the law o' God. Here's Mr. Wright's letter. Aunt Deel asked me to give it to you to keep. You're old enough now an' you'll be goin' away to *school before long, I guess.*"

I took the letter and read again the superscription on its envelope:

"To Master Barton Baynes:
(To be opened when he leaves home to go to school)."

I put it away in the pine box with leather hinges on its cover which Uncle Peabody had made for me and wondered again what it was all about, and again that night I broke camp and moved further into the world over the silent trails of knowledge.

Uncle Peabody went away for a few days after the harvesting. He had gone afoot, I knew not where. He returned one afternoon in a buggy *with the great Michael Hacket of the* Canton academy. Hacket was a big, brawny, red-haired, kindly Irishman with a merry heart and tongue, the latter having a touch of the brogue of the green isle which he had never seen, for he had been born in Massachusetts and had got his education in Harvard. He was then a man of forty.

"You're coming to me this fall," he said as he put his hand on my arm and gave me a little shake. "Lad! you've got a pair of shoulders! Ye shall live in my house an' help with the chores if ye wish to."

"That'll be grand," said Uncle Peabody; but, as to myself, just then, I knew not what to think of it.

[END OF BOOK ONE.]

BOOK TWO

Which Is the Story of the Principal Witness.

CHAPTER VIII.

In Which I Meet Other Great Men.

It was a sunny day late in September on which Aunt Deel and Uncle Peabody took me and my little pine chest with all my treasures in it to the village where I was to go to school and live with the family of Mr. Michael *Hacket, the schoolmaster.*

I remember the sad excitement of that ride to the village and all the words of advice and counsel spoken by my aunt.

I remember looking in vain for Sally as we passed the Dunkelbergs'. I remember my growing loneliness as the day wore on and how Aunt Deel stood silently buttoning my coat, with tears rolling down her cheeks while I leaned back upon the gate in front of the Hacket house, on Asbury lane, trying to act like a man and rather ashamed of my poor success. Uncle Peabody stood surveying the sky in silence with his back toward us. He turned and nervously blew out his breath. His lips trembled a little as he said:

"I dunno but what it's goin' to rain."

I watched them as they walked to the tavern sheds, both looking down at the ground and going rather unsteadily. Oh, the look of that beloved pair as they walked away from me!—the look of their leaning heads! Their silence and the sound of their footsteps are, somehow, a part of the picture which has hung all these years in my memory.

Sally Dunkelberg and her mother came along and said that they were glad I had come to school. I could not talk to them, and seeing my trouble they went on, Sally waving her hand to me as they turned the corner below. I felt ashamed of myself. Suddenly I heard the door open behind me and the voice of Mr. Hacket:

"Bart," he called, "I've a friend here who has something to say to you. Come in."

I turned and went into the house.

"Away with sadness—laddie buck!" he exclaimed as he took his violin from its case while I sat wiping my eyes. "Away with sadness! She often raps at my door, and while I try not to be rude, I always pretend to be very busy. Just a light word o' recognition by way o' common politeness! Then laugh, if ye can an' do it quickly, lad, an' she will pass on."

The last words were spoken in a whisper, with one hand on my breast.

He turned the strings and played *the "Fisher's Hornpipe."* What a romp of merry music filled the house! I had never heard the like and was soon smiling at him as he played. His bow and fingers flew in the wild frolic of the "Devil's Dream." It led me out of my sadness into a world all new to me.

"Now, God bless your soul, boy!" he exclaimed, by and by, as he put down his instrument. "We shall have a good time together—that we will. Not a stroke o' work this day! Come, I have a guide here that will take us down to the land o' the fairies."

Then with his microscope he showed me [illegible] the wonder world of littleness of which I had no knowledge.

"The microscope is like the art o' the teacher," he said. "I've known a good teacher to take a brain no bigger than a fly's foot an' make it visible to the naked eye."

One of the [illegible], of which there were four in the Hacket home, called us to supper. Mrs. Hacket, a stout woman with a red and kindly face, sat at one end of the table, and between them were the children—Mary, a pretty daughter of seventeen years; Maggie, a six-year-old; Ruth, a delicate girl of seven, and John, a noisy, red-faced boy of five. The chairs were of plain wood—like the kitchen chairs of today. In the middle of the table was *an empty one—painted green. Before* he sat down Mr. Hacket put his hand on the back of this chair and said:

"A merry heart to you, Michael Henry."

I wondered at the meaning of this, but dared not to ask. The oldest daughter acted as a kind of moderator with the others.

"Mary is the constable of this house, with power to arrest and hale into court for undue haste or rebellion or impoliteness," Mr. Hacket explained.

"I believe that Sally Dunkelberg is your friend," he said to me presently.

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"A fine slip of a girl that and a born scholar. I saw you look at her as the Persian looks at the rising sun."

I blushed and Mary and her mother and the boy John looked at me and laughed.

"Puer pulcherrimus!" Mr. Hacket exclaimed with a kindly smile.

Uncle Peabody would have called it a "stout snag." The schoolmaster had hauled it out of his brain very deftly and chucked it down before me in a kind of challenge.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"You shall know in a week, my son," he answered. "I shall put you into the Latin class Wednesday morning, and God help you to like it as well as you like Sally."

Again they laughed and again I blushed.

"Hold up yer head, my brave lad," he went on. "Ye've a perfect right to like Sally if ye've a heart to.

"A lad in his 'teens
Will never know beans.
If he hasn't an eye for the girls."

It was a merry supper, and when it ended Mr. Hacket rose and took the green chair from the table, exclaiming:

"Michael Henry, God bless you!"

Then he kissed his wife and said:

"Maggie, you wild rose of Erin! I've been all day in the study. I must take a walk or I shall get an exalted abdomen. One is badly beaten in the race o' life when his abdomen gets ahead of his toes. Children, keep our young friend happy here until I come back, and mind you, don't forget the good fellow in the green chair."

Mary helped her mother with the dishes, while I sat with a book by the fireside. Soon Mrs. Hacket and the children came and sat down with me.

"Let's play backgammon," Mary proposed.

"I don't want to," said John.

Try the MINER three months for 50 cents.

"Don't forget Michael Henry," she reminded.

"Who is Michael Henry?" I asked.

"Sure, he's the boy that has never been born," said Mrs. Hacket. "He was to be the biggest and noblest of them—kind an' helpful an' cheery hearted an' beloved o' God above all the others. We try to live up to him."

He seemed to me a very strange and wonderful creature—this invisible occupant of the green chair.

I know now what I knew not then that Michael Henry was the spirit of their home—an ideal of which the empty green chair was a constant reminder.

We played backgammon and "old maid" and "everlasting" until Mr. Hacket returned.

The sealed envelope which Mr. Wright had left at our home, a long time before that day, was in my pocket. At last the hour had come when I could open it and read the message of which I had thought much and with a growing interest.

I rose and said that I should like to go to my room. Mr. Hacket lighted a candle and led me upstairs to a little room where my chest had been deposited. There were in the room a bed, a chair, a portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte and a small table on which were a dictionary, a Bible and a number of schoolbooks.

"These were Mary's books," said Mr. Hacket. "I told your uncle that ye could use them an' welcome."

I sat down and opened the sealed envelope with trembling hands and found in it this brief note:

"Dear Partner: I want you to ask the wisest man you know to explain these words to you. I suggest that you commit them to memory and think often of their meaning. They are from Job:

"'His bones are full of the sins of his youth; which shall lie down with him in the dust.'

"I believe that they are the most impressive in all the literature I have read.

"Yours truly,
"SILAS WRIGHT, JR."

I read the words over and over again, but knew not their meaning. Sadly and slowly I got ready for bed. The noises of the village challenged my ear after I had put out my candle. There were many barking dogs. Some horsemen passed, with a creaking of saddle leather, followed by a wagon. Soon I heard running feet and eager voices. I rose and looked out of the open window. Men were hurrying down the street with lanterns.

"He's the son o' Ben Grimshaw," I heard one of them saying. "They caught him back in the south woods yesterday. The sheriff said that he tried to run away when he saw 'em coming."

What was the meaning of this? What had Amos Grimshaw been doing? I trembled as I got back into bed—I cannot even now explain why, but long ago I gave up trying to fathom the depths of the human spirit with an inflinite sea beneath it crossed by subtle tides and currents. We see only the straws on the surface.

I was up at daylight and Mr. Hacket came to my door while I was dressing.

"A merry day to you!" he exclaimed. "I'll await you below and introduce you to the humble herds and flocks of a schoolmaster."

I went with him while he fed his chickens and two small shotes. I milked the cow for him, and together we drove her back to the pasture. Then we split some wood and filled the boxes by the fireplace and the kitchen stove and raked up the leaves in the dooryard and wheeled them away.

"Now you know the duties o' your office," said the schoolmaster as we went in to breakfast.

We sat down at the table with the family and I drew out my letter from the senator and gave it to Mr. Hacket to read.

"The senator! God prosper him! I heard that he spoke on the Plattsburg stage last night," he said as he began the reading—an announcement which caused me and the children to clap our hands with joy.

Mr. Hacket thoughtfully repeated the words from Job with a most impressive intonation.

He passed the letter back to me and said:

"All true! I have seen it sinking into the bones o' the young and I have seen it lying down with the aged in the dust o' their graves. It is a big book—the one we are now opening. God help us! It has more pages than all the days o' your life. Just think o' your body. A brave and tender youth! It's like a sponge. How it takes things in an' holds 'em an' feeds upon 'em! A part of every apple ye eat sinks down into yer blood an' bones. Ye can't get it out. It's the same way with the books ye read an' the thoughts ye enjoy. They go down into yer bones an' ye can't get 'em out. That's why I like to think o' Michael Henry. His food is good thoughts and his wine is laughter. I had a long visit with M. H. last night when ye were all in bed. His face was a chunk o' laughter. Oh, what a limb he is! I wish I could tell ye all the good things he said."

"There comes Colonel Hand," said Mrs. Hacket as she looked out of the window. "The poor boy's White's the only thing to do these days but sit around the tavern."

Colonel Hand was a sulky-looking man beyond middle age, with large eyes that showed signs of dissipation. He had a small, dark tuft beneath his lower lip and thin, black, muddy hair.

"What do ye think has happened?" he asked as he looked down upon us with a majestic movement of his hand. "The son o' that old Bucktail, Ben Grimshaw, has been arrested and brought to jail for murder."

"For murder?" asked Mr. and Mrs. Hacket in one breath.

"For bloody murder, sir," the colonel went on. "It was the shooting of that man in the town o' Ballybeen a few weeks ago. Things have come to a pretty pass in this country, I should say. Talk about law and order; we don't know what it means here and why should we? The party in power is avowedly opposed to it—yes, sir. It has fattened upon bribery and corruption. Do you think that the son o' Ben Grimshaw will receive punishment even if he is proved guilty? Not at all. He will be protected—you mark my words."

He bowed and left us. When the door had closed behind him Mr. Hacket said:

"Another victim horned by the Snapdragon! If a man were to be slain by a bear back in the woods Colonel Hand would look for guilt in the opposition party. Michael Henry, whatever the truth may be regarding the poor boy in jail, we are in no way responsible. Away with sadness! What is that?"

Mr. Hacket inclined his ear and then added: "Michael Henry says that he may be innocent and that we had better go and see if we can help him. Now I hadn't thought o' that. Had you, Mary?"

"No," the girl answered.

"We must be letting Mike go ahead of us always," said her father. "You saw the crime, I believe," turning to me.

I told them all I knew of it.

"Upon my word, I like you, my brave lad," said the schoolmaster. "I heard of ill this and decided that you would be a help to Michael Henry and a creditable student. Come, let us go and pay our compliments to the senator."

The schoolmaster and I went over to Mr. Wright's house—a white, frame building which had often been pointed out to me.

Mrs. Wright, a fine-looking lady who met us at the door, said that the senator had gone over to the mill with his wheelbarrow.

"We've plenty of time and we'll wait for him," said the schoolmaster.

"I see him!" said little John as he and Ruth ran to the gate and down the rough plank walk to meet him.

We saw him coming a little way down the street in his shirt-sleeves with his barrow in front of him. He stopped and lifted little John in his arms, and after a moment put him down and embraced Ruth.

"Well, I see ye still love the tender embrace of the wheelbarrow," said Mr. Hacket as we approached the senator.

"My embrace is the tenderer of the two," the latter laughed with a look at his hands.

He recognized me and seized my two hands and shook them as he said:

"Upon my word, here is my friend Bart. I was not looking for you here."

He put his hand on my head, now higher than his shoulder, and said: "I was not looking for you here."

He asked about my aunt and uncle and expressed joy at learning that I was now under Mr. Hacket.

"I shall be here for a number of weeks," he said, "and I shall want to see you often. Maybe we'll go hunting some Saturday."

We bade him good morning and he went on with his wheelbarrow, which was loaded, I remember, with stout sacks of meal and flour.

We went to the school at half past eight. What a thrilling place it was with its 78 children and its three rooms. How noisy they were as they waited in the schoolyard for the bell to ring! I stood by the doorside looking very foolish, I dare say, for I knew not what to do with myself. My legs encased in the tow breeches felt as if they were on fire. I saw that most of the village boys wore bought-en clothes and fine boots. I looked down at my own leather and was a tower of shame on a foundation of greased cowhide. Sally Dunkelberg came in with some other girls and pretended not to see me. That was the hardest blow I suffered.

Among the handsome well-dressed boys of the village was Henry Wills—the boy who had stolen my watermelon. I had never forgiven him for that or for the killing of my little hen.

The bell rang and we marched into the big room, while a fat girl with crinkly hair played on a melodeon. Henry and another boy tried to shove me out of line and a big paper wad struck the side of my head as we were marching in and after we were seated a cross-eyed, freckled girl in a red dress made a face at me.

It was, on the whole, the unhappiest day of my life. During recess I injured a boy's face for calling me a rubber and the two others who came to help him went away full of fear and astonishment, for I had the strength of a young moose in me those days. After that they began to make friends with me.

In the noon hour a man came to me in the schoolyard with a subpœna for the examination of Amos Grimshaw and explained its meaning.

While I was talking with this man Sally passed me walking with another girl and said:

"Huh, Bart!"

I saw that Henry Wills joined in as he walked down the street at the close of school. I got my first pang of jealousy then.

When school was out that afternoon Mr. Hacket said I could have an hour to see the sights of the village, so I set out, feeling much depressed. I walked toward the house of Mr. Wright and saw him digging potatoes in the garden and went in. I knew that he was my friend.

"Well, Bart, how do you like school?" he asked.

"Not very well," I answered.

"Of course not! It's new to you now, and you miss your aunt and uncle. Stick to it. You'll make friends and get interested before long."

"I want to go home," I declared.

"Now let's look at the compass," he suggested. "You're lost for a minute, and like all lost people you're heading the wrong way. Don't be misled by selfishness. Forget what you want to do and think of what we want you to do. We want you to make a man of yourself. You must do it for the sake of those dear people who have done so much for you. The needle points toward the schoolhouse yonder."

He went on with his work, and as I walked away I understood that the needle he referred to was my conscience.

I went about my chores. There was to be no more wavering in my conduct. At the supper table Mr. Hacket kept us laughing with songs and jests and stories. The boy John, having been rewarded for rapid eating, hurled his spoon upon the floor.

"Then in favor of his punishment will you say aye?" said the schoolmaster.

I remember that we had a divided house on that important question.

The schoolmaster said: "Michael Henry wishes him to be forgiven on account of former conduct, but for the last offense he shall ride the bad-ger."

This meant lying for a painful moment across his father's knee.

The "noes" was given and our chairmaking assumed. The district attorney, whom I had met before, came to see the other couple and asked some questions and ordered me to talk with no one about the shooting without his consent. Soon he went away, and after I had learned my lessons Mr. Hacket said:

"Let us walk up to the jail and speak a few minutes with Amos."

We objected to the jail. The sheriff, a stout built, stern faced man, admitted us.

"Can we see the Grimshaw boy?" Mr. Hacket inquired.

"I guess so," he answered as he lazily rose from his chair and took down a bunch of large keys which had been hanging on the wall. His face was red and fat.

He spoke in a low, solemn tone which impressed me deeply as he put a lighted candle in the hand of the schoolmaster. He led us through a door into a narrow corridor. He thrust a big key into the lock of a heavy iron grating and threw it open and bade us step in. We entered an illsmelling stone-floored room with a number of cells against its rear wall. He locked the door behind us. I saw a face and

I Went With Him While He Fed His Chickens and Two Small Shotes.

"Hello, Grimshaw," he said sternly. "Step out here."

It all went to my heart—the manners of the sheriff so like the cold iron of his keys and doors—the dim candle light, the pale, frightened youth who walked toward us. We shook his hand and he said that he was glad to see us. I saw the scar under his left ear and reaching out upon his cheek, which my stone had made, and knew that he bore the mark of Cain.

He asked if he could see me alone and the sheriff shook his head and said sternly:

"Against the rules."

"Amos, I've a boy o' my own an' I feel for ye," said the schoolmaster. "I'm going to come here, now and then, to cheer ye up and bring ye some books to read. If there's any word of advice I can give ye—let me know. Have ye a lawyer?"

"There's one coming tomorrow."

"Don't say a word about the case, boy, to anyone but your lawyer—mind that."

We left him and went to our home and kids, I to spend half the night thinking of my discovery, since which, for some reason, I had no doubt of the guilt of Amos, but I spoke not of it to anyone and the secret worried me.

Next morning on my way to school I passed a scene more strange and memorable than any in my long experience. I saw the shabby figure of old Benjamin Grimshaw walking in the side path. His hands were in his pockets, his eyes bent upon the ground, his lips moving as if he were in deep thought. Roving Kate, the ragged, silent woman who, for the fortune of Amos, had drawn a gibbet, the shadow of which was now upon him, walked slowly behind the money lender pointing at him with her bony forefinger. Her stern eyes watched him as the cat watches when its prey is near it. She did not notice me. Silently, her feet wrapped in rags, she walked behind the man, always pointing at him. When he stopped she stopped. When he resumed his slow progress she followed. It thrilled me, partly because I had begun to believe in the weird, mysterious power of the Silent Woman. I had twenty minutes to spare and so I turned into the main street behind and close by them. I saw him stop and buy some crackers and an apple and a piece of cheese. Meanwhile she stood pointing at him. He saw, but gave no heed to her. He walked along the street in front of the stores, she following as before. How patiently she followed!

I started for the big schoolhouse and a number of boys joined me with gleeful words.

Sally ran past us with that low-lived boy, who carried her books for her. His father had gone into the grocery business and Henry wore bought-en clothes. I couldn't tell Sally how mean he was. I was angry and decided not to speak to her until she spoke to me. I got along better in school, although I was sometimes severely whipped, prodigy, because I had a knack for ciphering bigger than the boys in the village.

Continue next week.

Hard to Live Up to Pipe.

For the moment—oh, how brief!—his mouth is stopped with smoke and pipestem; his finer faculties should be brought to a head (his own head) by the symbolic act of kindling a flame which is the most poetical and marvelous act the world knows, whether that flame be for the purpose of cooking bacon or lighting tobacco or firing a screaming shell ten miles in an invisible curve. And yet, watch your friend as he lights his pipe. Watch him hopefully, wistfully, attentively. The little beacon will flare three inches under his nose; his cheeks will retract and puff out; the fragrant smoke will gush—blue from the bowl and gray from the lips, as some expert has noticed—and then, instead of the wise and pondered utterance that you expect, he will say something trivial. Worse than irrelevant, untrue! Yes it is hard to live up to one's pipe.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Heligoland a Bird "Station."

The island of Heligoland is one of the landmarks of the birds migrating from the North, and night after night beginning in early September, they pass in countless armies.

In times of peace the islanders caused the first invasion to profit, stirring abroad all night with lanterns and [illegible] weary birds that paused for a few minutes' rest. Fifteen thousand larks alone have thus been caught in a single night, of which number a lighthouse man caught three hundred by fixing a wire net outside the great lanterns.—Manchester Guardian.

I Saw a Face and Figure Behind the Grated Door of One of These Cells.

Emotions and the Eye.

The thing we look at straightest and most steadily is the eye of the man or woman who talks to us. And no emotion changes the glistening of that eye. Yet, so unobservant are we all, especially descriptive novelists, that eyes, in fiction, always flash, under the stress of any kind of rage. The assassin of the surgeon in Paris the other day went to his deed, as we read in the fictitious part of the report of a witness, with eyes that flashed according to custom. Now the human eye has two places for flashing—one in the clear pupil, showing one point of light or more according to the light or lights reflected; the other in the white. Neither of these brightnesses depends upon the mind.

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LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 264, meets on the second Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 p. m. at Masonic hall Main street.
AL. J. HYATT, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
DR. BURG CHADWICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 272, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. hall.
R. C. CHASE, C. P.
J. A. SWANSON, S.

IDEAL REBEKAH LODGE, No. 62, meets the 1st and 3rd Monday evenings of each month; at 8 o'clock, in the I. O. O. F. hall.
HATTIE ABBEY, N. G.
RACHEL P. AMSTER, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 32, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. hall.
KATE BENDER, Pres.
ANNA O. STARK, Sec'y.

P. of H.—Meets 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month at 8:00 p. m., in I. O. O. F. hall
HENRY J. RICE, M.
ANNA O. STARK, Sec'y.

PHOENIX CHAPTER, NO. 18, O. E. S.—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings in each month in I. O. O. F. hall.
MRS. GERTRUDE GARLICK, W. M.
W. B. HOPPER, W. P.
MISS RITA DENNING, Sec'y.

CHURCHES.

M. E. Church—Rev. Arthur Grayson, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m. Evening service, 7:30. Mid-week prayer and praise service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal — Rev. E. H. Edson rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 12:00 m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. VanDyke, rector. Divine service and Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Baptist Church of Smethport—Rev. W. P. Wheeler, Pastor. Services: 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 11:45.

St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic Church—P. J. Donahue, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Swedish Mission Church—Rev. A. Pihlblad, pastor. Services every other Sunday at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. On alternate Sundays meeting in the evening only. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday night at 8 o'clock.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

STATE.

Governor—Martin G. Brumbaugh.
State Treasurer—Robert K. Young.
Auditor General—A. W. Powell.
Secy. Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT and COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles M. Rowland, Phillipsburg.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin, Pa.
Members of Assembly—John A. Fitzgibbon, Bradford, Pa.; Frank P. Isherwood, Bradford, Pa.
State Highway Supt.—C. L. Lorch.

COUNTY.

Sheriff—E. W. Jones, Smethport.
Deputy Sheriffs—C. C. Clarke, Smethport; J. H. Howe, Bradford.
Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer — Frank Foster, Kane.
Recorder of Deeds—H. M. Choate.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford; O. S. Gahagan, Mt. Jewett; T. E. Flaherty, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. R. Anderson, Clermont.
Register of Wills and Clerk of Orphans' Court—John E. Eastman, Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. H. Monroe, Smethport; W. G. Holden, Smethport.
Jury Commissioners' Clerk—H. H. Otto, Smethport, R. D. 2.
Auditors—R. A. Greer, Bradford; J. M. Abbott, Bradford; Frank Burdick, Smethport.
County School Superintendent—C. W. Lillibridge, Smethport.
Asst. County School Superintendent—B. S. Taylor, Bradford.
District Attorney—Thos. B. Wilson, Bradford.
Mercantile Appraiser—F. E. Goodman, Mt. Jewett.
Sealer of Weights and Measures—H. P. Yerdon, Smethport.
County Solicitor—C. W. Shattuck, Smethport.
County Detective—Joseph F. Robinson, Bradford.
County Viewers—Harvey G. Berthouse, Kane; C. M. Colegrove, Smethport; Dennis Davis, Kane; Griffin Hatfield, Bradford; Edward Martin, Marvindale; Thos. H. Morrison, Smethport; F. M. Webster Bradford; F. M. Arnold, Eldred.
Farm Bureau Supt.—F. S. Crossman.
Supt. County Home—C. O. Taylor.
Probation Officers—Grace E. Cole, J. A. Lindsey.

Borough.

Burgess—Warley Gifford.
Council—C. M. Colegrove, pres.; F. H. Glover, secy.; Claude Hackett, B. T. Garlick, W. B. Hopper, J. A. Lindholm, W. H. Hungerford, J. S. Hall.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
School Directors—E. A. Studholme, pres.; G. W. Mitchell, v. pres.; T. H. Morrison, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, treas.; T. F. Hungiville.
Board of Health—Dr. John Clark, sec'y.
Constable—C. B. Dickinson.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—W. A. Burdick.
Auditors—[illegible] Masser, E. W. Strong, F. H. Blew.
Judge of Election—Frank Gilbertson.
Inspectors of Election—George Barbour, Herman Tull.
Borough Solicitor—E. L. Easton.

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and

Pajamas.

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CORYVILLE.

Miss Zana Kent of Portville, N. Y., was a recent guest of Mrs. Lucina Cory.

E. G. Fairchild was in Smethport on a business mission.

Cecil Burgess of Coleville was a week end guest of Miss Bertha McGuire.

E. A. Guenter was a recent guest of his parents, at Coudersport.

T. R. Taylor is employed on a lease near Lafayette and expects to move his family there in the spring.

Mrs. Sara Holmes who has been ill for the past ten days is able to be up around, which is pleasing news to her many friends.

Miss Edith Cory, who teaches the Simar school near Port Allegany, and Miss Alberta Rice, of Larabee, were guests last week of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Volney, Washburn.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Cory are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Mae Williams at Jamestown, N. Y., and Rev. Lillian McIntyre at Lancaster, Ohio.

Mrs. Jessie Washburn was in Eldred, Monday.

J. A. Sparks was a business visitor in Smethport, Saturday.

All those who have been ill with the "flu" are on the gain, and at this writing no new cases are reported.

The church is undergoing repairs, the paper has been all taken off, and the walls are being painted. Frank Foster of Eldred is doing the work.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Irons have returned from a two weeks' visit with their daughters, Mrs. Belle Taylor and Mrs. Maude Barton and families at Bradford.

The Coryville Grange Books on Saturday afternoon and evening, Dec. 21st, Saturday officers were elected for the year:

Master, Samuel Tash
Overseer, Mae Tash
Lecturer, Lelia Wareham
Chaplain, Ida Brown
Secretary, Ina Tyler
Steward, John P. Rice
Asst. Steward, Ira E. Winslow
Lady Asst. Steward, Nellie Tyler
Gate Keeper, Edward Guenter
Ceres, Carlos, Maude Rice, Fannie Ireland, Edith Mosier.

Officers will be installed this week Saturday.

HERBERT SMITH'S LETTER.

Continued from page one

rades were doing the same to our men which is a crazy custom of theirs, for superior officers to kiss the soldier or their lower officers on occasions of this kind, but I did not forget to ask him before he left me if he had a sister, but this was not the only sheet we got, there were others for us later.

About this time we received orders from our Colonel to join the two other Squadrons of our regiment. Our regiment was then lined up with the 3rd Hussars, and soon we received the order to attack which was promptly obeyed. A regiment of Prussian Infantry which had formed a square to protect themselves against a cavalry charge, was pointed out to us as our objective. Our Colonel at once formed us into line and we charged down that hill. While a square is not a nice thing to charge and is the thing that beat Napoleon at Waterloo, and also almost meant our destruction. Yet we did not hesitate in our duty until we had raised [illegible] to get. To do this we had to charge them four times and the third charge we were shot through the bridle and left with no order [illegible] I was ordered to retire, [illegible] and [illegible] if there were any bullets near by [illegible] and seeing that there were none, we [illegible] my own decided to capture it. We thought it was a big job, but we were willing to risk anything than be captured so we started out together, each armed with a pistol in one hand and a sabre in the other. We had not the slightest idea where our troops or horses were or whether or not we would ever get back alive, or how, we walked crawled and ran for about an hour without coming in touch with any of the enemy. At last, hungry and exhausted we came upon an old French house, and we decided to see if anyone was at home. After calling and knocking for several minutes, finally an old man came to the door and opened it for us. Making all kinds of motions and pawing the air, speaking Spanish and as much of other languages as we knew, we finally made him understand that we were hungry and had to have something to eat. As we entered the room, a girl about 15 years of age saw us, and she forthwith gave a scream like a German shell and almost scared me out of my wits. But her scream made us realize how frightful we looked, and we didn't blame her for thinking we were Germans, for we looked covered with mud, blood and what not, with no hats on and armed like a couple of pirates. Such a sight would have scared any one. After getting a good meal consisting of goat-cheese, bread, meat stew, eggs, wine and an all round good-bye kiss, which I made it long with the girl, we continued our journey. However, we had not gone far when we heard a can[illegible] boom in front of us. Thinking it was one of ours, we started for it, but [illegible] rounding a little woods, we saw that it was a German field piece in position. Looking around for a bit to get [illegible] I was ordered to retire, and [illegible] and seeing that there were none, we